

T H E
A S S E M B L Y:
O R

Scotch Reformation.

A
C O M E D Y.

As it was acted by the PERSONS
in the *Drama.*

Done from the original Manuscript written
in the Year 1692.

Glomerantur in unum
Innumerae pestes Erebi, quascunque sinistro
Nox genuit fœtu ——— CLAUDIAN.



E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for JAMES REID, Bookseller in LEITH,
M.DCC.LXVI.



P R E F A C E.

A Play in our Nation, where Wit so seldom appears, will be gazed upon by some, who do not understand the Nature of the thing, and laughed at by others who think Wit and Ingenuity, like fine Periwigs and fashionable Clothes, must be fetched from foreign Places to serve their Caprice or please their Humour. I have seen some Pieces of Wit in our own Country, which, if they had come from *France* or *England*, would have been esteemed the highest Dashes of some excellent Pen; yet they lie here unregarded and neglected by the most Part of our intelligent Men. This sufficiently argues, that we generally have a Disgust of our own, and too great a Fondness for Things which come from abroad. The *English* have a far different Humour from this: They applaud nothing but what grows in their own Soil, and is produced in their own Air. I think they are too indulgent and partial to themselves, and we are too severe and sharp on one another; both Extremes should be shunned: And therefore, I intreat my Countrymen, in their censuring and judging this Work, that they would only consider the Play, and not regard the Persons who write it. In Defence of this Essay we must engage two Parties, the *Fa-*

natioks and *Criticks*. The *Fanaticks* will call us *Atheists*, as they term those who oppose them in the least Punctilio. This is all the Answer we can expect from them; for they are blest with Stupidity, and even Satire-proof; so they jogg on securely, and pursue their own Interests, without caring what the World knows or says of them. We will take some more pains to please the *Criticks*, and will give them an ingenuous Account of the whole Matter. We acknowledge that there is not in our Play that same Embellishment of Art, Politeness of Language, or Regularity of Plot, which is observed in some of the late *English* Comedies. The People we live among are narrow and stingy, and we are not sharpened with the Converse which other Places allow; besides, it is our first Essay, which merits some Excuse, and the Truth of the Matters of Fact may make also some Atonement for our Faults. We have not had Time to give our Invention Scope, but only to rouse up and exercise our Memory; we have rather played the Part of a true Historian than of an exact Comedian. The most Part of the Stories here related were said by one or other of the Presbyterian Party. We have sometimes put these Tales in the Mouths of others than those who said them, but that very seldom. Nor could we bring on the Stage all the Members of the General Assembly,

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Assembly, for that would have spoiled the Decorum of the Play. But I hope the judicious and impartial Reader will easily discern, that we have attributed nothing to any but what is suitable and agreeable to his Character.

That the Earl of *Crawfurd* (who is under the Name *My Lord Whigriden*) did several Times mistake the Meaning of the Assembly, is as certain as any thing can be; for, when the Brethren were speaking about the Terms of Communion with the Episcopal Party, he took it for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and so made a ridiculous Speech to that Effect. The Brethren, who had no Respect to his Dignity, told him roughly, that he knew not what he was saying; for they think Ill-manners as essential to Religion as Want of Sense. That he called the whole Crowd of People, dispersed through the Assembly-house, a Board, (as he used to call the Council-table) is known by every body who frequented their Meetings. That we make him take Plantations of Gardens for Plantations of Kirks, is natural enough for a Man who understands nothing but Gardenry, and frequently uses to mistake. He always mixes together Bits of *Nebemiah* and Pieces of *Pembroke's Arcadia*, as we may see in his printed Speech before the Parliament, which I believe is the strangest Medley ever was seen. That

he sought Months to advise and fit himself for being a Member of the Assembly, when it was to sit but one, is clear from the historical Account of the General Assembly, the Matters of Fact in it none yet had the Brow to deny. For all his Pretences to Religion, yet, to oblige a Friend, or compliment one whom he is afraid of, he will do Things both against his Conscience and his Reason, for so he lately told the Viscount of *Tarbat* he had done, in subscribing an Act, for his Pension. His Malice and Injustice to the Episcopal Clergy, even to those who complied to the Civil Government, is well known in this Kingdom; and that his Sense is as little as his Estate, which is none at all, no Man who hath any Sense doubts it.

The Moderator, Mr. *Hugh Kennedy*, hath Matter enough to do his own Business, and is not much obliged to borrow Expressions from his canting Brethren. Every body, who had the Honour to see him in the Chair, must confess that he began his Speeches ordinarily with a *By his Providence we are met here in this Place; We are again re-assembled; and, I'll tell you positively what it is, and negatively what it is not; and such Hap-stumble* as this into pure Nonsense. He was so violent and fiery, that he was excommunicated long ago by the Presbyterians themselves, as a Fire-brand sent from Hell to inflame Christ's Kirk here on Earth. It is known
how

himself how he prayed, in the Assembly, to drown the Noise, and silence the Gabble of the Brethren. He uses his own Words in all the Prayers except this one, *He desires Grace from God, if he would expect Glory*, which indeed is borrowed from one *Mein*, a Brother of his, who preaches just now at *Dalkeith*. The Curates must fall a Victim to his Fury; for none of them, tho' they fully comply, can keep their Livings, while he possesses his Chair, tho' the Nobility and Gentry, yea, King and Queen, should request it. Kings, as well as Curates, if they be not covenanted, (for so they phrase it) must be deposed, yea, killed too, if they be not for the good Cause. They say the Moderator is witty, and his own Party calls him *pawky*. The only Instance of this, which I know, is, that he made a better Bargain than *Judas*; for *Judas* sold our Saviour for thirty Pieces of Silver; but Mr. *Kennedy* got a hundred Pieces of Gold for his Part in selling King *Charles I.* Poor silly, fickle *Judas* repented, and flung back the Money again; but wise, stedfast Mr. *Kennedy* keeps well what he got, and thirsts for more, and would take off a Tyrant's Head (for so he names all Kings) with as great Pleasure, as he just now possesses a Curate's Living.

When we represent Mr. *Gilbert Rule*, (who is under the Name Mr. *Salathiel Little-sense*) we do not confine ourselves closely to

to his Discourses in the General Assembly but we take in some of his Speeches said in the College this Winter. That famous Saying of his in a publick Lecture, *Si aliquis virus colebit falsum Deum, seu verum Deum non præscriptum est, iste virus est guiltus idolatriæ*, is so known through the Town, that he is nicknamed *Doctor Guiltus* from that very Thing. If I should tell his Management of the College this Winter, and his *Latin* Speeches, or rather his *Scotch* Speeches ending in *Latin* Terminations, with a Thousand other Follies and Villanies, it would make a pleasant enough Comedy by itself, and sufficiently expose the Presbyterians, who have picked him out of their whole Party to fill such a considerable Place, and to succeed so excellent a Man as the learned Dr. *Monro*. Ignorance, which is a fitter Parent of Impudence than Devotion, made this Fellow attack the learned Dr. *Stillingfleet* with an impertinent Scribble on an impertinent Subject, to wit, on the *Jure-divino-ship* of Presbytery, which few Men of Sense or Ingenuity ever pretended to maintain. I am confident, if I should rake the Dunghill of his Crimes, and fully declare his Ignorance and Knavery to the World, none would read his Writings who read his Life. In short, his Character is, always to be nibbling at Speeches, often speaking Nonsense, and still wrong *Latin*.

Assembly. It were an unpardonable Fault if the wor-
 es said in thy Mr. *Kirktown* did not bear a considerable
 ous Say-Part in our Play; he who hath the true Mien,
i aliquo Gesture, Actings, and Speeches of a Come-
Deum ut dian, when he hath once got into the Pulpit.
us idola- The People of the Town use to flock about
 wn, that him, as they use to do about a Stage-Player.
 om that He'll tell you from any Text, of five lost
 Manage- Labours, three Opportunities, three Lamen-
 and his tations, three Woes, three Prophecies, three
 Speech- Doubts, three Fears, a Proposal, and a Word
 with a about *Scotland*, and another about a Dog,
 ies, it and so he has done. Then, when he is to
 edy by fall upon Controversy, drawing up and down
 sbyte- his Breeches, he'll tell you, he must take a
 their Word of a Whore, (for so he names the
 Place, Church of *Rome*) so that leads him to speak
 as the about the Virgin *Mary*, whom, he says, her
 h is a Husband *Jeseph* felt the first Night he bed-
 otion, ded with her, and found her with Child,
 . *Stil-* and immediately concluded she was a Whore,
 on an (as I would have done myself, says he) and
 e-di- was going to put her away: For who could
 n of have been jealous of the Holy Ghost?

He is as comical in giving the Commu-
 nion; for lately, at *Gramond*, he clapt a Bit
 of Bread in his next Neighbour's Hand, and
 said, *Saint, eat this, and your Bread's baken.*
 Then he took the Cup, and desired them
 all to drink heartily, for they were all very
 welcome. We must give you some Account
 of his Way of praying. He'll pray that God
 would

would bring back our banished King; then he will make a long Stop, and so surprise the Audience: Then he'll tell God not to mistake him; for it is not King *James*, but King *Jesus*, who hath been banished these twenty-eight Years. Then, when he prays for People troubled in Spirit, he'll tell, it is a wholesome Disease, and wish that many more were so, because he was once bound himself. He justly bears the Name of *Plain Dealer*, for he opposed the whole Assembly often, and stumbled into many sad Truths. He said, their Fool-praying was hypocritical, and that they were seeking their own Interest. And, in a Sermon lately preached, he fairly arraigned the Government, and said, *The Earl of H——, who is true to his God and his King in his own Fashion, he's clapt up in Prison; but the Earl of S——, who's true to none of them, he's at present Freedom; I think (says he) our Government shall never be right.* His Sermons are Comedies without Plots; they are the Chat of the Taverns and Coffee-houses; the Divertisement, of the young People in Town. In short he is more famous for these Notes of his Sermons, than the other is for his *Latin*. When he takes a Freak in his Head, he's for Moderation; not out of any Kindness he has for the Episcopal Clergy, but out of an Humour of Singularity, a Spirit of Contradiction, and often for Want of thinking;

thinking; for he who speaks without thinking cannot be very consequential to himself, but fall into a great many Absurdities.

Mr. *Frazer* of *Brae* deserveth the Name of *Turbulent* very well; for he's as huffing, insolent, cross-grain'd a Fellow as ever lived. His whole Trade, when he was young, was to debauch Ladies Waiting-women; but now, when he's graver, he talks obscenely, and shews a thing not to be named to the Maid, as he did to a great many Women lately at the Cross of *Dunfermline*. Now, for Women he takes Wine, and drinks as great a Quantity of hard Sack as Curates do of Ale. His Party calls the Fumes of the Liquor the Operations of the Spirit of God, and his Fury and Madness they term true Zeal. The most Part of the Articles of the *Libella Universalis* was made use of by him to thrust out the Episcopal Clergy of *Fife*. Mr. *Johnston* of *Burntisland*, and Mr. *Johnston* of *Saline*, were both suspended by him for being ordained by a Bishop, and recommending *The Whole Duty of Man*; and many more, for these, and the rest of the ridiculous Articles in that universal Libel; (for I assure you that was their exact Way of libelling.) The Episcopal Ministers could not have the Liberty to see or hear the Witnesses depose against them; and particularly, when Mr. *Bowes*, Minister at *Abbots-hall*, quoted an Act of Parliament to this Purpose,

Purpose, Mr. *Frazer* told him roundly, that he was not to be governed by the Acts of Parliament, but by the Spirit of God. This Hero made a Speech against the Lord's Prayer, not long ago, in his own Church at *Culross*, going through all the Articles of it, proving that we should not say it. 1st, (says he) *We cannot say, Our Father which art in Heaven, except we knew we were predestinated; for I'm sure the Devil's a Father to many of you.* He goes on, *If you were going to Bed at Night, it were Nonsense to say, Give us this Day our daily Bread.* Then, (continues he) *if I were owing any of you 1000 Merks, none of you would forgive me; so no more can you say, Forgive us our Debts as we forgive our Debtors.* So, after this Fashion he refuted the saying of the Lord's Prayer. But another Presbyterian Minister in the North, Mr. — — was much franker, and said, *If ever Christ was drunk in his Life, it was when he made this Prayer.* In short, we have made Mr. *Frazer* speak nothing but what he actually said, either in the General Assembly, in his Sermons, or in the Presbytery of *Culross*, of which he is Moderator.

Mr. *David Williamson* is called Mr. *Solomon Cherry-Trees*, for that famous Action of his, in getting with Child the Lady *Cherry-Trees's* Daughter, in that Instant when the Soldiers were searching the House to carry him away to suffer the just Punishment

ment of a Rebel and a Traitor. We ingenuously confess, that all the Speeches made by Mr. *Solomon* were not actually said by Mr. *David*; but I think all that was said is agreeable enough to his Character, who is so famous for Love Intrigues, who preaches so oft out of the *Canticles*, and talks so much in his Sermons, of Beds of Roses, and Dams of Love. Tho' he be pretty old, yet Nature is not so much decayed in him as in the other. He carries about with him the *old Man* in the literal Sense; he is a compleat *Tartuffe*, and under the Mask of Piety he acts his lascivious Tricks. Not a Year ago, he sent for a young Wench, and told her that she was with Child. She answered she was not with Child. Then he said he ought to see if it was so; so he handled her Breast and Belly very roughly, and after this he sat down and prayed a long while with her. The Maid gives this Account herself; Modesty would not allow her to say more, but we may easily guess the rest.

I shall not mention the extraordinary Avarice and Covetousness of the Presbyterian Ministers, which is more peculiar to them than to any Set of Men in the World: Neither shall I tell how they devour Widows Houses, chouse old silly Women, ruin good Families, and, by their Sneaking and Cheating, get good Estates, even in the

times of Persecution, (as they call them) for I don't pretend, in this Place, to give an exact Account or History of the Lives and Actions of those Presbyterian Heroes; that would swell this Preface to a big Volume; but I only relate some Matters of Fact, without which our Play cannot be well understood. Since these are the chief Champions for the Good Old Cause, and God-like Saints of the Covenant, who by their own Party are esteemed by far the best and most learned, the most eminent for Gifts and Graces, it will be no Difficulty to make a Judgment of the rest of them.

The Part that Mr. *Skittle* bears in our Play, is a Character of the whole complying Episcopal Ministers. I shall name one Mr. *De*——— who made an Address to the Commission of the Kirk, telling them how he and his Brethren had fully complied with the Civil Government, and would as frankly comply with their Kirk Government, and desired to act as Presbyters in this Church. The Address was refused, and it was resolved, that none who served under Episcopacy, and had taken the Test, should be admitted into the Kirk; “For
“ (say they) if we should admit these Men,
“ who have changed their Principles, and
“ broken their Oaths, we could not be se-
“ cure of them; tho’ we had them under
“ a thousand Ties, yet they would be rea-
“ dy

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“dy to join with Prelacy if it should please
“the prevailing Party to set it up again;
“then we, being the smaller Part, should
“be thrust out again.” The Reason is suf-
ficiently good for those who are only led
by Interest. The Speeches made by Mr.
Turncoat are the very Words which were
spoke by some young Men, who had their
Education under Episcopacy. I could name
some of them, but they are so silly and
mean-spirited Fellows, that I think it not
worth my Time to trouble the Reader or
myself in taking particular notice of them.
The Love-scenes contain the true Way of
the Presbyterian Wooing; the Scenes be-
twixt the News-mongers contain the true
and genuine Language of the Bigots of
both Parties; and the Scene about the Cha-
racters needs no Commentary, since they
are just and exact.

Having briefly related the Matters of Fact
of which our Play is made up, I shall in
few Words answer the Objections that may
be made against the Manner of writing it.
First, then, the Criticks perhaps will say,
that our Play is made up of two Plots, the
one of Love, the other about the General
Assembly. Suppose this were true, we
might defend ourselves by Examples of
some of the Ancients and Moderns too, of
no small Note, who have done this. But
we are not obliged to seek Shelter under

Authority, for Reason will sufficiently defend us. Our entire and uniform Plot is, to represent the Villainy and Folly of the Presbyterians in their publick Meetings, and the private Transactions of their Lives; and, how we have succeeded in both, we leave it to the Judgment of the ingenuous Reader.

Secondly, It may be said that the Scene about my Lord *Huffy* hath no Connexion with the Plot, and that his Lordship makes a mere Parenthesis in our Play. I answer, he does so in the State, and dashes so thro' thick and thin, that it is hard to get him kept out of any thing. Besides, all the Matters of Fact said about him are very true, and he's a great Hero in the Reformation; and I do not see but this Scene agrees as well with the principal Plot, as the Reconcilement of *Thais* and *Phadra*, in *Terence's Eunuch*, with the Marriage of *Cherea* and *Chremes's* Sister, which is principally intended by the Poet; yet it is thought regular enough by all the judicious Criticks.

The third Objection is made by the grave and serious Men, who don't quarrel the Regularity of the Plot, but are startled at some Expressions. They say we make the *Canticles* a Pimp to Lust, and that our Lovers fetch their Compliments, and make their Assignations out of that Book; which is formally to burlesque the Scripture. These
Gentlemens

Gentlemens Zeal hath by far got the better of their Reason. If they would consider the Ancients Behaviour in this Matter, they would soon have cooler Thoughts. *Juvenal*, in his Satires, paints the Vices of the Age in ugly broad Terms, just as they were acted, out of a mere Design to lash Men from their Follies, and fright them from their Vices, by the ugly Representations of them. Even the Scripture itself brings in the Fool saying in his Heart, *There is no God*; and *Abfalom* consulting and acting Treason against his Father and King; yet, for all that, the Penmen are neither to be accused of Atheism nor Treason: Why may not we also bring in Hypocrites, with Religion in their Mouths, acting the greatest Villainy that was ever heard of?

Fourthly, It may be objected, that for all our Pretences to Truth and Sincerity in Matters of Fact, yet we talk at random in the last Scene, where we make the Presbyterian Ministers speak basely and maliciously of all Kings, and tell the Captain of the Guard, that they had a Commission under the Broad Seal of Heaven, and so refuse to rise till they were compelled by Force, and then to run away in Confusion, cursing their Enemies. This is easily answered, if we consider that the General Assembly always used to contradict and thwart the State, as is clear by several of their Acts.

but particularly, by one which bears the Name of *An Act and Declaration of the General Assembly against the Act of Parliament and Committee of Estates.*

It may likewise be considered, that the Presbyterians are Enemies to Monarchy; for this is the third Time that Presbytery has been established in *Scotland*, and still upon the Death or Banishment of some of their lawful Sovereigns. Also it cannot be denied, but the present Presbyterian Ministers have as much Fury and as little Wit as in the Time of *Cromwell* the Usurper, when they sat without an Order from the State, and acted independently of it, till Colonel *Cotterall* was sent with a Regiment to raise them. They told him they had a Commission to sit, and presented the Bible to him. He desired them to read it. The Brethren were a little puzzled at that. Then the Colonel threatened to drag them thence; so they were forced to rise, and never met till this Time. The Chorus is as pertinent as any thing can be, since they are a Set of Men who never forgive any Injury, and, instead of praying for Conversion, they pour down Curses for the Confusion of their Enemies.

Our Design in this Essay is fully to represent the Villainy and Folly of the Fanatics, that so, when they are in sober Mood, they may seriously reflect on them, and
repent.

repent for what is past, and make amends for the future, if it be possible; or else that the Civil Government may be awakened and roused to rid us of the Impertinence and Tyranny of this Gang, who injuriously treat all good and learned Men, and are Enemies to human Society itself. This Play was begun just after the King of *France* took *Mons*, as is clearly intimated in the first Scene; but, by Reason of some Gentlemens going to the Country, who were concerned in it, it lay dormant four Months; then it was set about again, and was very soon compleated. We confess it was hastily huddled together, for we were not a Fortnight about the whole Work, by reason of a Multitude of Business the Authors were entangled in. I hope this will also draw a favourable Censure from the ingenuous Reader. It was the Employment of our idle Hours, and we were sufficiently pleased and diverted by it. In short, Reader, if you take half as much Pleasure in reading it, as we did in writing it, you will neither think your Money nor Pains ill bestowed.

P R O L O G U E.

OUR Northern Country seldom tastes of Wit;
The too cold Clime is justly blam'd for it.

Nothing our Hearts can move, or Fancy bribe,
Except the Gibb'rish of the canting Tribe.
'Tis a long while since any Play hath been,
Except Rope-dancing, in our Nation seen;
But now, in this our all-reforming Age,
We've got a Play——The Pulpit's turn'd a Stage!
And Jack the Actor doth appear devout,
(The only Way to catch the senseless Rout)
With Hums and Haws, and whining Voice and Tone,
He preaches Nonsense and Rebellion:
And so obtains his Int'rest and Design,
To break the Church and abdicate the King!
Instead of Prayers, he makes Use of Lies,
Impostures, Shams and horrid Forgeries.
He useth Cannons in the lit'ral Sense,
And calls the worst Rebellion Self-defence:
Kirk-discipline he seemingly doth prize,
Using in private Venus' Exercise.
He teaches Children how to disobey,
And shake the Laws of all Morality.
Yet, notwithstanding, he slurs o'er the same
E'en with Religion's all-attoning Name;
These Arms and Weapons fairly represent
The Presbyterian Church militant.
True Comedy should Humour represent:
I think, for once, we've well enough hit on't,
No Character's too wild, nor yet extravagant:

For

PROLOGUE.

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*For there is nothing treated in our Play,
But what all know the Whigs do act and say ;
Thus you've a Taste of their new Gospel-way.
Our Authors gently do bespeak and pray
The Criticks favour for their first Essay.
Sure they have Reason ; for the Scottish Wit
Is only given to censure, not to write :
Yet if this Play but take, we'll promise more,
For of this Kind we have laid up in Store
Matter enough to make at least a Score.*

Dramatis

J E.

Wit ;
it.
y bribe,

Stage !

d Tone,

For.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Will, a discreet smart Gentleman.

Frank, his Comerade, not well skilled in Divinity and newly come from his Travels.

Mr. Novel, a Jacobite News-monger.

Mr. Abednego Visioner, a Whig News-monger.

Lord Whigriddden, an empty Fool, } fanatick Peers.

Lord Huffy, a meer Madcap,

Moderator, Mr. Hugh Kennedy,

Mr. Timothy Turbulent, Mr. James Frazer of Brae,

Mr. Salathiel Littlefense, Mr. Gilbert Rule,

Mr. Covenant Plain-dealer, Mr. Kirktown,

Mr. Solomon Cherry-Trees, Mr. David Williamson,

Clerk, Mr. Spaldin,

Ruling Elder, Laird Littlewit, a North-country Man,

Mr. Shittle, a complying Episcopal Minister.

Mr. Orthodox, a non-complying Episcopal Minister.

Mr. Turncoat, an Episcopal Expectant, turned Fanatick.

Mr. Wordy, a Presbyterian Chaplain.

All Members of the Committee.

W O M E N.

Old Lady, a Bigot.

Mrs. Rachel, her Daughter.

Mrs. Violetta, } her Nieces.

Mrs. Laura,

Captain of the Guard, Maids, a Webster, Boy, Drawers, Boatmen, Hirers, Fiddlers, Fornicatrix, Huntsman and Dogs, &c.

SCENE, EDINBURGH.

T H E

T H E
A S S E M B L Y:

O R

Scotch Reformation.

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The Bull-Tavern.

Will. and Frank.

Will. **D**EAR *Frank*, dare I trust mine Eyes!
what a Devil hath brought you hither?

Fra. A Borrowstounness Ship, and a
good Protestant Wind. Dear *Will*, how glad am I
to see thee; you, with *St. Giles's* so nigh, convince
me I am in *Edinburgh*.

Will. Why? hath your Sea-voyage so distemper'd
your Head, that you doubt on't?

Fra. No; but I have walked the streets since Six,
encompassed with so many strange Faces, that I ima-
gined myself cast upon some new Plantation on the
other Side of the Globe, for they look not like the
Inhabitants of this World.

Will. Neither indeed are they, for they came from
Heaven; and some of them, you see, have broke
their

their Backs i' the falling——But how long hast thou been in Town?

Fra. Short while as yet.——Upon my first Arrival I was carried to my Lord *Whigriden*, all the Way the Crowd gazing on me as some *American* Monster. This Peer, inclos'd with a Dozen of grimacing Fellows, dress'd up in Cloaks, cringing and bowing to him like so many Beggars seeking Supply from a Country Presbytery, asked me when the Siege of *Mons* was raised.

Will. What answered you then?

Fra. I said, as the Truth was, the 28th of *March*, *stylo novo*. Replies one of these Reverend Gentlemen, We ask not about the Siege of *Stylo-novo* in *Savoy*, but *Mons* upon the *Rhine*. Says another, How many lost King *William* in that Enterprize? Not one, answered I; for it was done ere he came. 'Tis a wonderful Providence then, said he; 'tis the Doing of the Lord, said another; there's nothing impossible with God, said a third.

Will. ——What said you all the while?

Fra. You may be sure I had little to say in this new Way.——But, says that Shadow of Nobility, Is King *William* for present at *Mons*? No indeed, said I; but King *Lewis* is: Which I had scarcely uttered, when, with the universal Consent of the whole Company, I was sentenced to Imprisonment, for a certain Animal called a *Suppetted Person*; and hardly, after an ingenuous Relation of the whole Story, escaped with the Liberty to take a Glass of good Claret with my old Friend here.

Will. Good Claret, say you! Faith that's hard, without the Miracle of the Marriage of *Cana* in *Galilee*. We've got a Set of Men, who call themselves Christ's Disciples, but, methinks, they are very unlike their Master; for the first Effect of his Power was, to give his good Wine: and the first Effect of theirs is to take it from us.

Fra.

SCOTCH REFORMATION. 3

Fra. In quest of good Wine, commend me to *Hippocrates's* Disciples; I always found their Advice most seasonable in that, i'faith. Come, Drawer, let's taste what you have.

Will. ——— Thy Health, *Frank*; Devil take me if King *James* wou'd be welcomer to a starving Curate, than thou art to me.

Fra. Canst thou give me no Account of my Friends i' the Country?

Will. Little or none at all.

Fra. Then I find there is nothing more hard than to avoid speaking about the Times, as they call it.

Will. ——— Except it be speaking good of them ——— tho', for my own Part, I have no Reason to complain, for I find them as good whoring and drinking Times as ever; only with this Difference, whereas before we were most Christian Drunkards, we're now turn'd most Catholick; and the Compliments we took before out of *Cassandra* and *Gleopatra*, for our Mistresses, we're now beholden to the *Song of Solomon* for them. The Money we were wont to give to Bawds, we now give to fanatick Ministers Wives; and whereas before, honest Fellows coined new Oaths at a Glas of Wine, we now send our Representatives to Parliament to do it for us.

Fra. A wonderful Reformation indeed! But what new Oaths are these, I pray?

Will. The Allegiance and Assurance; that is to say, I swear King *William* has Right to what he possesseth, else I can no longer possess what I have Right to.

Fra. ——— Faith there's no Danger i' the Consequence; for I confess I should think it a subtle Parliament could contrive an Oath which the Nation wou'd not first scruple, then take, and lastly break; but I admire such a sudden Change, for your Fanaticks were turned mighty loyal Gentlemen before I parted hence.

C

Will.

Will. You might have admired justly if it had been otherways. Who thinks strange that a Pick-pocket runs away with your Money when you trust him? or that an old Rook cheats a young Country Squire? I'll tell thee, Man, to believe a Presbyterian Protestation, is as much as to think a Man cannot cheat, because he lies. I'm resolv'd ne'er to trust a Fanatick till I get him on his Chair of Verity, the Stone i'the *Grass-market*; the Villain is then tempted to tell something of the Truth; that is to say, that he dies a Rogue and a Rebel.

Fra. ——— Tell me sincerely, *Will*, What think'st thou of the State of the Nation? My Concern about some Friends interested makes me inquisitive.

Will. ——— Gad 'tis a most monstrous, hideous Body politick; I have neither Time nor Rhetorick to describe it; you may have an Abridgment of it by conversing with the People in Town; a Man who had walked betwixt the Strait-bow and the Cross, wou'd imagine, by their Converse, he had marched out of King *William's* Territories to King *James's*. ——— They have both their Kingdoms in this Town, i'faith; only with this Difference, King *James* domineers in the Taverns, and King *William* at the Council-table.

Fra. That must oblige a Man to an *Italian* Strictness in Conversation.

Will. In that you may do as you list; for I assure you Sincerity is a Quality as much out of Fashion as it is improsperous; gad you'd swear it had been abdicated, in the late Convention, with King *James*, and declared a Rebel to the State. For my own part, I'm forc'd to turn Tory; for a Man can hardly get a good Comerade, or a Woman of Wit and Discretion on the other Side on't. Among our Whigs, a Man that hath as much Sense as wou'd keep him from being disinherited of his Father's Fortune, is thought a Statesman.

Fra.

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Fra. Pox on the Rascals! Then I'm resolv'd to have nothing to do with them: Methinks 'tis a mean Ambition for a Man to be the best of his Company.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. There's one Mr. *Novel* desires to speak with you, Gentlemen.

Fra. Bid him come forward; he can perhaps inform me about my Friends in the Country.

Enter Novel.

Nov. — Sir, your humble Servant. Dear Sir, heh—I have been inquiring for you [*Embracing*] in all the Taverns in Town—heh—
Dear Sir, when was *Mons* ta'en?

Fra. I am glad to see you well: How doth my Father? and —

Nov. — And how many Men hath the King of France there?

Fra. I ask thee, Man, how all my Friends i' the Country are? I have heard some ill Reports —

Nov. Nay, for Reports, we have had such strange Reports about the Half-moon of *Baclemont*, and that damn'd *Portuguese* Skipper —

Fra. The Devil take thee for a damn'd eternal Fool, [*Aside.*] Wilt thou resolve me as to my Relations i' the Country, and I shall give thee thy Belly-ful of that afterward.

Nov. Nay, but the Marshal *Boufflers*, how doth he? — If thou hadst not come, my five Guineas —

Fra. — Wou'd I had paid four of 'em if thou wou'dst answer me. When did you see my Friends i' the Country?

Nov. Foh! Country! say you; I'd have you know, Sir, I went not to the Country since the Revolution; I'd sooner go to Purgatory. Why? a Man can have no more certain Intelligence in the Country, than good Liquor; their News are as sophisticated as their Wine, i'gad. But still as touching *Mons*?

Fra. Then I'll tell you; the Sum of it is, that upon the 28th of *March* it was surrendered.

Nov. And all the Garrison put to the Edge of the Sword, were they not?

Fra. That had been pretty indeed! Faith, fully as ill as fighting, and the Articles of Peace in the General's Pocket.

Nov. There's an honest Fellow can inform me about it. [Exit Novel.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. ——— I have been so plagu'd keeping a Gentleman out of your Company, I have told him a thousand Lies, but nothing will serve his Turn. ——— There he comes; he calls himself Mr. *Abednego Visioner*. ———

Enter Visioner.

Vis. Sir, I have not the Honour of your Acquaintance; I remember I was once in Company with your Father; but I knew his Minister, sweet Mr. *Violent*, wonderfully well ——— Our Moderator, you know, Sir, Mr. *Hugh*, Sir, bid me put up some Interrogatories about the King's Affairs abroad.

Fra. Sir, I ask your Pardon; I neither know your Moderator, Mr. *Hugh*, nor the King's Affairs abroad.

Vis. The Moderator of the General Assembly, Sir! ——— Not that I mean it as a Title of Dignity, for the Place you know is ambulatory: But, no doubt, Sir, you can inform me if there be any Thing ——— I say, Sir, you can resolve me, if the King is to be conjunct Emperor or not ———

Re-enter Novel.

Nov. ——— Conjunct, say you! ——— Demme, he'll be sole Emperor or nothing: I'll pawn my Ears he'll be at the Gates of *Vienna* ere a Month.

Vis. Sir, I ask your Pardon; I believe he'll be at the Gates of *Paris* first.

Nov. Yes, I know he is already at *Versailles*.

Will.

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Will. These two Gentlemen are in a mutual Mistake. We must keep them there, i'faith; for if they discover one another, they'll put Fire in the House.

[*To Frank aside.*]

Vis. ——— Well, Sir! But think you, will our King have his Court at *Versailles* or at *London*, still meaning, you know, after he has vanquished all his Enemies, you understand me?

Nov. Why not at *London*? ——— Yet, when I think better on't, if he stays at *Versailles*, and if there happen another Revolution, they will not have Desertion to lay to his Charge ——— Besides, it would prevent frequent Changes in Court; gad a Treasurer might make himself rich ere a Chancellor went to *Versailles* and back again to decourt him. ——— Well, I'm satisfied, let it be at *Versailles*.

Vis. ——— Nay, there would be this farther Convenience in't: You know my Lord wants a Coach, now he may get an *Anstruther* Bark, and hoope o'er to *Versailles*; but the Moderator, poor Man, it would be too far a Voyage for him.

Nov. What a Devil, would he venture to see the King?

Vis. Troth, I think it wou'd e'en be too far for him to venture.

Nov. Gad I dont't question but he wou'd tho'. If there were a new Indulgence, we should have a new Address, i'faith.

Will. ——— Damn the Fools, 'twill out. [*Aside.*]

Vis. I'm sure the King will never indulge those whom he knows to be Enemies to his Government; 'tis true the Queen's a little more heretical.

Nov. That's to say, she's a little more addicted to Popery.

Vis. Indeed, Sir, you say right, for I can call it no other Thing: I see you understand Matters, as one wou'd say. ——— Here's your Health. ——— But that Church of *England*, I hope in God to see it ruined.

Nov. If it shou'd, their Clergy are to be blain'd.
 ———Gad these Bishops of *England* are a Parcel of odd Fellows, that wou'd part with Heaven sooner than their Benefices.

Vis. A rare Gentleman this! ——— [*Aside.*] But have you heard nothing of King *James* being ill?

Nov. If it be so, some People may be sorry.

Vis. The Prince, you mean; yet, I can hardly call him a Prince, being set up to defraud our King of his just Right.

Nov. ———And for that he deserves not the Name of a Prince; Prince! a mere Robber and Usurper, i'gad.

Vis. No, I won't say that, the poor Babe had no Blame.

Nov. ———That's most certain. But to defraud a poor innocent Child of its just Right.

Vis. What Child?

Nov. The Prince of *Wales*, i'gad! what other?

Vis. Prince of *Wales*! a shitten Bastard, a mere Impostor.

Nov. Are you there, you rotten Fanatick, you! ———I might have known you by your fiend-like Face. Come, here's King *James*'s Health to you; drink it, or I'll be with the Cat's Guts of you. ———

[*Drinks.*]

Vis. Here's King *William*'s to you. See who dares refuse it.

Will. Sit down, Gentlemen; no Quarrels here.

Nov. King *Willie*! that Monky in royal Robes, that Creature of the giddy Rabble, a blazing Star, generated of a *Dutch* Fog, which will go away in Smoke.

Vis. King *James*! a mere empty Title, by the Grace of God King of great *Limrick*, *Athlone* and *Galway*, a Defserter, a Runaway, the *French* King's first Pensioner of State.

Nov. King *Willie*! that Bully of twenty or thirty *German* Lairds, Guardian of the Protestant League

'twixt

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twixt the Pope, Emperor, King of *Spain* and Duke of *Savoy*, General of the most high and potent Cow-Stealers of *Inskilling*, and President of an Assembly of Madmen in this ancient Kingdom of *Scotland*! a poor mean Thing, within these two Months March of Misery.

Vis. That's of King *James* and his Army.

Nov. Dost thou know thy own State Creed, and the Ministers Litany, the *English* Gazette?

Vis. I'd have you know, Sir, we use neither Creed nor Litany, more than carnal Sense and Reason, in our Religion.

Nov. 'Tis a damn'd Lie, for your Ministers Prayers are stuff'd with the Gazette; and I believe for no other Reason they have shut up the Coffeehouses on *Sunday*, but lest Men should know what they can say, and so stay from Church.

Vis. Well, but what of the Gazette?

Nov. *Mons* is ta'en, i'gad.

Vis. That's a Mistake; 'tis the Garrison of *Mons* has ta'en the *French*, and detains them within the Town, and compels them to keep Garrison for them there.

Nov. O God! such a notorious Forgery ——— The *Baltick* Kings have deserted the Protestant League. That's not true either, I'll warrant.

Vis. 'Tis no Matter, for in their Stead we are to have the King of *Morocco*, the King of *Mogul*, and *Prester-John*, who is a Presbyterian, i'faith; and I cannot tell how many grand Czars and Dukes, and all that.—And I'll tell you more, the *French* Fleet is frozen in at *Brest*, and cannot get out this Year.

Nov. All damn'd fanatick Lies, i'gad.

Vis. I'll warrant my Lord's Man's of *Struther-dikes*, and Lord *Annandale's* Vision of three Heads, are all Lies, I'll warrant. These Tories will believe nothing.

Nov. ——— And these Fanaticks believe every thing. But I'll teach you to speak Truth, you silly Rogue.

[Gives him a Box on the Ear.

Vis.

Vis. I think thou art the Messenger of Satan sent to buffet me: Well, I'll mind you the next Rabbling.

[Runs off, Novel chasing him.]

Will. We've got a Bottle, now we'll to Church, where, perhaps, we may meet with a Wench. [To Frank.]

[Exeunt.]

ACT I. SCENE II.

The old Lady's Lodging.

Mr. Wordie discovered sitting by Mrs. Rachel, his Hand about her Neck, Bible in their Hands, the Old Lady walking beside.

Old La. Indeed, Mafs James, I hope she will learn to compone Scripture, will she not?

[The Lady turns the other Way.]

Word. She will—[He kisses Rachel.] be able to understand the most hidden Mysteries—in a short Time, in these Words, There be three Things considerable.

Rach. So——three Things, I understand that.

Old La. Blessed be God, Mafs James, that sent you to my House, great was the Scarcity of Family-exercise we laboured under. [Mafs James rises and stands when the Lady speaks.] But I hope shortly my Daughter Rachel shall understand and practise it as well.—Sit down Mafs James.

Rach. No, Mother, he exerciseth best standing; 'tis more convenient, I think.

Old La. But 'tis wearisom for Mafs James.

Word. No, Madam, I give o'er in Time.

Old La. I know, such is the Frailty of her Nature, she will weary first.

Rach. Indeed no, Mother; Mafs James can tell I love it very well; I could hear him about the three Things considerable four and twenty Hours,

if

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if he pleased. But much exercising makes him dry, Mother; and he's forced to give over, God knows, sooner than I wish, many a Time.

Old La. Teach her, Mafs *James*, to drink in the sincere Milk of the Word, that she may grow thereby.

Word. In troth she's a very pliable Scholar.

Rach. The Truth is, Mother, I know myself grown by it these six Months by-past extremely. [*Exit Old Lady*] My Petticoat will hardly meet by a Quarter. He has so used me to it, I fear I should hardly live without it. [*Aside.*]

Word. How gravely look'd I, my Dear, all the while?

Rach. You outdid me not there, more than at the three Things considerable.—I was at your chamber this Morning, but you was gone out. [*They kiss.*]

Word. I was with Mr. *Solomon*, and told him the Case. He bids us be of good Cheer, and fear nothing, seeing he is sure the old Lady will consent to the Match, and give it out we were married six Months ago, rather than open the Mouths of the wicked, debauch'd Malignants, by the Scandal of your being with Child.

Rach. And I hope the General Assembly will give you a Call?

Word. Never doubt that, I can get a Dozen when I please.—What Time shall we meet to-night?

Rach. I'll come to your Chamber 'twixt twelve and one—My two wanton Cousins, *Violetta* and *Laura*, begin, I fear, to suspect my being with Child. They won'd be glad of this to twit me with; for many a fair Lecture I have read them against the scandalous Custom of speaking with Men, and looking over the Windows at them.

Word. They shall know nothing of it.—We must now part, for I must go hear what the Committee does to-day.—So expects you according to your Promise.

[*They kiss.*]

Rach.

Rach. You never knew me fail you; you know ever hated lying; it is a most abominable Sin.

Word. Indeed it is a damnable Sin.

Rach. But mum—There comes my two Cousins

Enter Violetta and Laura.

Vio. Methinks, Mr. *Wordie*, you keep my Cousin under too strict Discipline; she has quite lost her Complexion of late, and seems to be so taken with your Exercise, that she cannot sleep in the Night.

Word. Verily, Madam, your Cousin, Mrs. *Rachel*, may be a Pattern; for I am always exhorting her to watch and pray, and it seems she's very observant—But e'en God be with you. [Exit. Wordie.]

Lau. Well, Cousin, my Sister and I come to see if you will go hear Mr. *Solomon* preach to-day.

Rach. It were a Sin to slight the golden Opportunity of hearing so precious a Man. I'll go make myself ready. [Exit. Rachel.]

Lau. Well, this Congress is broke up. Faith methinks my Cousin *Rachel* not nice on't, when she trucks up with this *Jure divino*. He promiseth not much, I'm sure.

Vio. But he performs better, else *Rachel* would have nothing to do with him.—But, Sister, what think you of our Conversation of Life at our godly Aunt's Home? We see nobody but old fanatick Ladies and Whig Ministers; we hear nothing but long Prayers and senseless tedious Lectures and Sermons, save sometimes, for our Diversion, we read *The Call to the Unconverted*, *Tormenting Tophet*, and such profound Pieces, that, i'faith, I understand no more than our old Aunt hears them, when they are read no louder than the Bellman cries.

Lau. Methinks *The Lady's Calling* would suit us better.—But, i'faith, Sister, if the *Whigs* be the Saints, I'll take their Communion out of my Creed, for I'll believe nothing I hate.

Vio. I'll be rid of this impertinent, religious, nonsensical Clatter by the first Convenience, I assure you.

Lau.

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Lau. ——— And, if I do not the same, may I be made a Nun ; a thing as cros to my Inclinations, as unbecfitting my Complexion. ——— But I hear the Bell. Come, let us go. [Exeunt.]

ACT I. SCENE III.

A Church. The Committee debating.

Moderator, Mr. Salathiel, Mr. Turbulent, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Covenant Plain-dealer, Lord Whig-ridden, Ruling Elder, Lord Huffy with a Whip in his Hand.

Mod. **I** See many malignant Spies here to-day ; they are come for Ill and not for Good. I have seen the Day when no malignant Eye got leave to look on the Work of the Lord. The greatest Nobles in the Nation thought it their greatest Honour to stand at the Door of the House of God, with drawn Swords, to keep out the Malignants, whom they knew by the first Glisk of their Faces.

Turb. ——— 'Tis better to be a Door-keeper in the House of God, than dwell in the Tents of wicked Men. I think 'tis both their Honour and Duty, and we should command the Nobles of our Time, in the Name of Christ our Master, to do the like.

[Starts up Lord Huffy, and clacks his Whip.]

L. Huff. Moderator, since I am not thought worthy to be a Member of this learned and godly Assembly, I here offer myself with my Whip, to be one of your noble Guards at the Door, and beg you to believe, that there is no Title with which I am dignified, I would be prouder of, than that of being one of the Scourges of the Lord. — [Clacks his Whip again.]

Mod. My Lord, we cannot but commend your Zeal, for I am sure there is none amongst all our Nobles

Nobles fitter to scourge the Malignants out of the House of God ——— But to our Work, Brethren. There's two Sorts of People who have taken their Hands from the Work of the Lord: The first is the Tories, who never put their Hands to it; the second is the Court Party: So we poor Men must e'en put our Shoulders to't, and take a good Lift of the Cause of Christ; for I assure you it will never break one of your Backs.

Cov. 'Tis your own Cause, and your own Interest; ay, forsooth is it.

Mod. Brethren, I would fain ken what ye would do.

Turb. Why, Moderator, I think it fit we have a Thanksgiving for the Defeat of the Duke of *Savoy*.

Sal. Rather a Fast; for he was one of the Confederates Side.

Mod. I think rather Brother *Turbulent* has the right End of the String; for he was but a Burden to the Confederates; and God's Judgments came upon him for persecuting the poor Protestants.

Cov. Indeed, Moderator, he's as good a Protestant as King *William*.

Mod. Outs, Brother *Covenant*, hold your Tongue of that; we will not be too severe; we will not rip up old Sores.—Brethren, [*All the Committee speaks together, some for a Fast, and some for a Thanksgiving*] Let us pray to drown the Noise, and quiet our Spirits.

Cov. What needs all this fool Praying?

Mod. prays. Our Minds are disordered, we do not ken what we are doing or saying; Lord, give us Grace, or thou shalt not get Glory, and see who will win at that.——Now since, by his Providence, the Din's done, I would propose a Dilemma, I mean an Alternative, whether ye will plant the Church of *Scotland* or the Church of *England* first.

Turb. Truly, Moderator, I think Charity should begin at Home.

Sal.

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Sal. Of a Truth, Moderator, I think you should first plant the Church of *England*, for there's no Ministers there, and we have a Call to preach the Gospel through the whole World. That Place is all overgrown with Briers and Thorns, and they'll soon o'ergang *Scotland* too, except we send able Men to tread them out. You know I wrote a Book proving that Kingdom guilty of Scandal, Error, Ignorance, Superstition and Will-worship. ——— Besides, many of them have a spiritual Blindness, and a pastoral Relation to some of us.

Mod. Will the Folks of *England* call you, Mr. *Salathiel*, or will you go back?

Sal. ——— I will do ——— my Duty, Moderator.

Mod. I think they will neither call you, nor will you be the Fool to go back again.

Cov. What needs all this Pother about Mr. *Salathiel*'s going back? They have got a good enough Lend of him already: I know likeways he dares not go back; for there's an Order from a Justice of Peace to apprehend him if they can catch him.

Sol. Tho' I am not a Member of this Meeting of Christ's Kirk ——— [*From a Corner.*] yet I am a privy Member: I am concerned for the Kirk of *Scotland*, that pure Virgin, which is altogether lovely, who hath Doves Eyes within her Locks, her Lips are like Threads of Scarlet, her Speech is comely; her pouting Breasts are like two young Roes that are Twins, and feed among the Lilies; her Navel is like a round Goblet, and wanteth not Liquor; her Belly is a Heap of Wheat set about with Lilies: She hath been deflower'd these twenty-eight Years by the Curates: I intreat you then, Brethren, for the Mercies of Christ, get able Men, with Soul-refreshing and in-bearing Gifts, to do Duty to her, and to dress her seasonably and abundantly. Ay, ay, forth ———

Turb. ——— Moderator ———

Sal. ——— Moderator ———

Sol. ———Fornication———

Cov. Fornication with the Virgin; that's as ill as the Curates hobbling on the Whore of *Babylon*, and begetting fourteen Blackbirds, to wit, the Prelates——No more about that.

R. Eld. Cleeſe out the Keerates, that the Goſpel may be preached; let that be the firſt deene; that's the Wark of the Lord.

[*One knocks at the Door, Officer opens.*

Enter a Webſter.

Web. My Lord Moderator.

Mod. Awa——with theſe proud prelatick Titles! call me, Brother Moderator, in the Lord Jeſus.

Web. Well then, my Lord, Brother Moderator in the Lord Jeſus, I have brought a Covenant, from our own Folks in *St. Andrews*, to make the worthy Earl a ruling Elder.

Mod. Brother, you ſhould call that Paper a Commiſſion.

Web. Covenant or Commiſſion, all's one, but I think the Word *Covenant* ſounds beſt; e'en call it what you pleaſe, for you're Book-lear'd.

Mod. My Lord, by his Providence, we have got a Commiſſion from the zealous Webſters, Sutors, and godly Women in *St. Andrews*, for your Lordſhip to repreſent them in this Judicatory; 'tis gravamiſious for us to have wanted you ſo long, e'en give's your Opinion about what we are ſpeaking.

L. Whig. I have done as good Service to this honourable Judicatory as any Man living, by ruining and rabbling the Curates. I have managed the whole Civil Inter'eſt with much Wiſdom; yet, as *Nehemiah* ſaith, it requireth more to be an Office-bearer in the Houſe of God; therefore I deſire you wou'd pray for me ſix Months without ceaſing, that I may be fit for this great Work.

Mod. 'Tis not diſhonourable; e'en ſeek God's Bleſſing; he never gave a Burden, but he fitted the Back for bearing of it.

L. Whig.

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L. Whig. Though I be conscious to myself of my own Imbecillity, yet I shall offer three Things about Plantations, the Thing ye were speaking of. *1st,* 'Tis the only Time now to delve, in order to plant. *2^{dly},* 'Tis the fittest Month now to plant. *3^{dly},* 'Tis the fittest Time of the foreſaid Month to plant.

Mod. My Lord, we know not what you wou'd be at; we were ſpeaking about Plantations of Kirks, and you ſpeak about planting of Trees and Hedges.

L. Whig. The Matter is the ſame, for 'tis the fitteſt Time to delve out the Curates by the Spade of the Spirit.

Mod. Let us adjourn now till Afternoon, and ſpeak about theſe things then, at more Length, at that Time when we meet again. [*Scene cloſeth.*]

ACT. II. SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Lord Huffy in his Night-gown.

Enter Boy.

Boy. **D**EVIL take me, my Lord—if there be not a whole Battalia of Boatmen, Hirers and Fiddlers, who have beſieged the Houſe; I hardly eſcaped with my Life to tell you.

L. Huff. You Dog! Whore's Son! muſt I be peſtered with you too, you Rascal?

Boy. Good faith, my Lord, it is not beſt your Lordſhip make a Civil War within, when the Enemy threatens us without; they'll be hard enough for us both; and, beſides, we are far from the Guard.

L. Huff. You Villain, go get me a Whip——
[*Boy brings a Whip, Huffy throws it at the Boy.*] You damn'd Rascal, did I not break that Whip on the

Lady t'other Day? ——— Get me the great Whip.
 [My Lord appears arm'd with his Whip, Boatmen,
 Hirers, and Fiddlers thronging on him.] What wou'd
 you say, you Villains?

Boatmen. We wou'd have our Money.

1. *Boatman.* I have sailed this Boat these fifteen
 Years, and the De'il take me, my Lord, if e'er I
 was so guided by ony Man, either gentle or semple.
 How shall poor Men live, when you, and the like of
 you, will not give us our Money, but abuses us like
 Dogs this gate?

L. Huff. This to me, you Villain!

[Offers to beat him.]

2 *Boat.* God damn me, my Lord, if we'll be so
 us'd; aff Hands is fair Play, as *John Moncur* said
 to the De'il: Be my Saul, my Lord, an' your Head
 were as white as *Willie Milne's* Beard, I'll ha' my
 Fraught, that I will.

3 *Boat.* God nar my Boat were i' the Bottom of
 the Sea if I be not paid ——— What needs all this?
 I served the Duke of *Roths*, (his Saul praise God)
 the Earl *Marshal* and my Lord *Dundee*; God nor
 the De'il blaw me i' the Air, if e'er ane of them of-
 fered the like to me since e'er I cross'd *Burntisland*
 Water, or God nor it be my hindmost ———

L. Huff. Get ye gone, ye Dogs, or else I'll slash
 you.

4 *Boat.* What needs all this? Where was a' this
 Slashing at *Gillicrankie*?

L. Huff. Call the Guard.

1 *Hir.* De'il a Guard nor Guard till we be paid.
 'Tis muckle to your Lordship's Credit to abuse a poor
 Lad this Way! [Shows his Head.] If you will not
 pay my Horse, at least pay the Plaister for my Head.

L. Huff. You damn'd Rascal, you shall get the
 Stocks for offering such a Horse to a Nobleman.

2 *Hir.* Rascal here, Rascal there, I'll have my
 Money. 'Tis a Shame to abuse any poor Things
 Horse, that has no other Way to win their Living by.

3 *Hir.*

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Hir. Make a Dish of Kail of my Powny, if you please; he's lying at the Dike-side; 'twixt me and God I paid fifty Pound of good Siller for him, not eight Days ago——Noblemen! The De'il made Sutors Seamen. We have got so many Earls and Lords now, i' the De'il's Name, God nor Belzebub had a Back-burden of them.

L. Huff. —— Villains! Rascals!——O God! to be so abused! Fly for half a Dozen of Men—— There's no Help——What would you say, Sir?

Fid. God blefs your Lordship, I believe it was not willingly your Lordship did it [*Shews his Nose.* ——But look on our Instruments; there's a Violin broke just at the Neck——all the Town will not mend, or put her right again; there's the Back of an old Bass Viol, as good as ever Man laid Bow on——Look you, my Lord.

L. Huff. Why the De'il wou'd you not play the Tune I desired?

Fid. Indeed, my Lord, we knew it not.

L. Huff. Must I give Money, you caterwauling, obstreperous Villains, Baboons, to People that cannot play? Go, all of ye.

All. —— We'll know for what we came first.

L. Huff. Take you here your Freight, ye Dogs.

Boat. Ay, but what for cutting the Cable, and for breaking the great Pump?

L. Huff. Take you there——What must you have, you Rogues!

Hir. You know, my Lord, there is so much for the Horse——

L. Huff. What, you Dog, your Horse!

Hir. God damn him, beis me, that looks after him again; that's a good ane indeed——Besides the breaking of the great Manger and my own Head; a Baillie would have allowed me four Pound of Assythment besides the Fine.

L. Huff. Come to me afterwards, Sir, and ye shall get a Bill on the Minister of *Wemyss's* Stipend.

Fid. My Lord, mind us now; you see my Nose here——and my *Sunday's* Cravat, worth twenty Pence, spoiled with the Claret in the Glass ye threw at me; you see our Fiddles are useless; the poor blind Harper, your Lordship had a Sling at him too.

L. Huff. Damn your Heads and your Instruments, they're so confoundedly tender——take you there.

[*Exeunt Boatmen, Hirers and Fiddler.*]

Fid. God bless your Lordship and all your noble Family.

L. Huff. Boy, henceforth, you Dog, I ordain you to learn to cure Wounds, and carry a Box of Plaisters along with you, and not put me to all this needless Expence.—Get twenty Elms of Whipcord, Sirrah; I have not a whole one in my Custody.

Boy. Indeed 'tis no Wonder, your Lordship uses them so unmercifully. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE II.

A Church.

Mr. Solomon absolving a Fornicatrix: The (looking on) Congregation: Will and Frank sitting by Violetta and Laura; Old Lady and Mrs. Rachel near by.

Mr. Sol. **O** The Wickedness of Man's Heart! For once or twice to be surprised with Temptation is no Wonder; but for one of the People of God to open the Mouths of the Wicked, and to wallow like a filthy Swine so long in the filthy Sin of Fornication, Oh! it should be for a Lamentation——Say, what was it tempted thee, Woman, to ly so long in the foul Fact?

Forn. Ah, Sir! when once this filthy abominable Flesh of mine had rebell'd against the Spirit, and the Devil had gotten Possession of it, what car'd I for it?

I let

I let him do with it what he pleased; it was not worth the keeping any longer: But I preserved my Heart clean to my blessed Maker.

Will. Fair Creature, wou'd I had Possession of thy Body! [To Violetta.]

Vio. If you had, Sir, I should wish you dealt more like a Gentleman, than it seems the Devil hath done with this poor Girl; after you had used it a while, to give it up again.

Will. Why not, if you were so impertinent as to demand it? ——— Mistress. ——— Well, this is a happy Rencontre; this is a handsome Creature, i' faith. — [Mrs. Rachel looks and frowns; and she warns Will. by Pinching, to forbear.] And I find I am like the Devil, indeed; I have a vast appetite for holy Flesh ——— But I see I have that Monster to conquer ere I catch my golden Fleece. ——— Well, I think I have fallen on a Stratagem in Love was never practised before. [Will. takes the Bible, and throws up a Passage to Violetta, who reads.]

Vio. "Behold, thou art fair, my Love!"

Fra. I'm as well stated here as yourself; I intreat thee shew me a Place to throw up to this Lady; I vow she's young and pretty.

Will. Hift, Fool, thou canst not act this. [Violetta points a Place to Will. he reads.] "O that thou wert as my Brother, who sucked the Breasts of my Mother! when I should find thee without, I should lead thee, and bring thee into my Mother's House."

Old La. Well, I wish all the *Nebuchadnezzars* and *Belshazzars* of the Age were like this young Gentleman. [The Congregation dismisseth; Will. offers to convoy the Old Lady home; they stand and discourse: Frank goes away in the Crowd.]

Vio. But what may be the Sense of the eighth Chapter of the Song of Solomon?

Will. The best Commentators say that *Solomon* alludes to the Metaphor of a Man and his Mistress; and none being permitted among the Jews to converse

verse (by strict Mothers) with their Daughters, save Brothers, and such near Relations, the Bride with-eth her Gallant were as her Brother, that she might converse familiarly with him; but since that could not be, she was forced to go out and seek him in the Fields, and the Town-guard met her, and maltreated her.

Old La. That Sense is very ingenuous, and there may be several Uses of Instruction and Consolation drawn from it.

Will. "Come, my Beloved, let us walk in the "Fields, let us lodge in the Villages." The same Metaphor still. The Kirk not having the Liberty of bringing her Servant to her Mother's House, resolved to meet him in the Villages, such as the *Canongate*, in respect of *Edinburgh*; and the Vineyard, such as my Lady *Murray's* Yards, to use a homely Comparison.

Old La. A wondrous young Man this!

[*Aside to Rachel.*

Rach. He is so indeed——But, I say, you'll do well to take your Niece out of his Way.—— Well, if this be not a Plot, then——

Old La. Then hold your Peace, you; I could hear that Gentleman dispense Scripture all the Day long; he illustrates every thing so well by homely and familiar Comparisons, and applies it to our present Condition so naturally, that——

Rach. ——That he will debauch your Niece, no more but that.

Old La. No Rest, Mistress, for your impious Interruptions! thou art yet in the Gall of Bitterness, for I see thou hast an Aversion to edifying Discourses—— Say on, Sir.

Will. The eighth Chapter, towards the Close: "Thou that dwellest in the Gardens, cause me to "hear thy Voice."

Vio. That's still alluding to the Metaphor of a Gallant, who by some Signs warns his Mistress to make

make haste. A Whistle, or so. The same with early in the former Chapter; that is to say, to-morrow by Six o'Clock—Make haste to accomplish our Loves.

Old La. Thou art a hopeful Girl; I hope God has blest my Pains on thee.

Vio. ———“ But I have a little Sister, which hath
“ no Breasts———

Will. Most Interpreters understand the Gentiles by that.

Vio. Just like this Sister of mine here, whom you know, Aunt, we had great Difficulty to bring to the right Way? This is the same Metaphor carried on a little farther. A Woman, after she has bestow'd herself, wou'd give her Gallant Command to provide for her Sister.

Will. Why, truly this is the practical Meaning of the Words: Methinks it were but reasonable she should be concerned that the poor Gentile Sister should be provided.

Enter Lady's Maid.

Maid. Mr. Solomon and Mr. Covenant are waiting on your Ladyship.

Will. I must be gone then [*Aside.*]——Your Servant, Madam.

Old La. I must wait upon the Ministers——Your Servant, Sir. [*Exit Old Lady, Rachel and Laura.*]

Will to Vio. Madam, I hope you will be so much a Christian, as to obey the Word of Prophecy to-morrow at Six; gad 'twere a Pity an Intrigue begun in Doctrine should not be brought to Use.

Vio. Good Sir, my Divinity is mere Speculation: I believe you think I had an ill Meaning?

Will. No, faith; but 'tis fit you converse with practical Pieces sometimes; besides, the Decorum requires you should practise what you preach; and for your little Sister, my Comerade, who sat next me in the Church, has as good Breasts and Back both,

both, for her, as any in Town, and will be glad to lead the straying Sister in the right Way.

Vio. Well, Sir, I'll try to obey for once —
[*She's going and smiling on him.*] The Will of the Lord be done.

Will. And, if I fail thee, may I turn Eunuch. —
This is the prettiest Way of courting a Presbyterian Lady's Sister, or Niece, (gad I know not what she is yet) that I ever heard of: Let me be hang'd but I shall love the Bible the better for it as long as I live: But I'll follow her at a Distance, that I may find her Lodgings; then I'll soon know what she is.
[*Exit after her.*]

ACT II. SCENE III.

A Church. The Committee.

Lord Whiggridden, Moderator, Mr. Covenant, Mr. Salathiel, Mr. Solomon, Ruling-Elder, Clerk.

Mod. **B** Rethren, it has pleased God, of his good Pleasure, to allow us another Opportunity to shew our Zeal in his Work. Well, call in the Curate with his Petition, and dispatch him; but let us first resolve what Answer to give.

Sol. Resolve, Moderator, to grant them nothing at all; for give them an Inch, and they'll take a Span.

R. Eld. I jeege it guid, and for Sekeerity of the Protestant Religion, that nae Keerate get Leave to set his Fitt within this Bigging.

Mod. Mr. Salathiel, what say you?

Sal. *Bona certe*, Moderator, if you have a mind to hear what he has to say, 'tis best to call him in; but, if otherways, I think it is e'en best he be not call'd in.

Turb.

SCOTCH REFORMATION. 25

Turb. I say, Moderator, if he beis admitted within these Walls, let him not come near any of us: "Touch not the unholy Thing, saith the Lord!" Let us not salute him, or give him any Testimony of Respect or Favour.

R. Eld. ——Or Jeeftice, Moderator, for it would offend Guid.

Mod. Well, shall we call him, that he may come in?

R. Eld. Yes, but see the Doors be nae apened to him.

Mod. Officer, call in Mr. Shittle. [*Officer calls.*

Enter Mr. Shittle.

Shitt. Moderator, I bring you a Petition and Address from my Brethren of the Episcopal Persuasion, desiring it may be instantly read and answered; upon which I take Instruments. [*Throws Money to the Clerk, who takes out his Spectacles, looks on the Money, and puts it up.*

Mod. We shall just now call you again, Sir, and give you your Answer.—[*Exit Shittle.*] Now, Brethren, what shall be done? Now, my Lord, your Advice at this Juncture.

L. Whig. If I should add to what has been said at this Time upon this Subject, it would be like the rash Touch of a Pencil upon a compleat Picture by an unskilful Hand.——Curates not being the Ministers of Christ, 'tis fit there be a Sub-committee appointed to draw up Articles against that Petition.

Turb. My Lord, there has been nothing at all said upon the Subject before, at this Time, and I hope you will not answer it before it be read, will you?

All the Committee cry, A Vote! a Vote! Moderator, whether it should be answered ere it be read, or read ere it be answered.

Mod. That our Spirits may be composed, let us pray——Heh——hem——O Lord, who art the Author and Finisher of our Disorders; who directs

rects us in all our Confusions to do thy holy Will, settle our Spirits, and e'en give us thy best Advice for thy own Work, or it will go the war on.

Cov. Moderator, e'en read a Line o't quietly, to see what they would have.

Clerk reads. "To the Ministers, and others, who have Power by Law to constitute Church-Judicatures, the humble Petition of the Ministers of the Episcopal Persuasion."

Mod. Stop there, Clerk; we'll read no more.

Turb. We will not hear it, Moderator: They call us not Ministers of Christ.

Cov. I believe they think us Ministers of Iniquity.

Sal. And besides, they say, Power constituted by Law; I hope there is none here that thinks he's constituted by Law.

Turb. Can the Law constitute Judges of Christ's Kirk? No; and they call themselves Ministers too, and of the Episcopal Persuasion; we'll give no Favour to any such People; we'll root out the *Canaanites*, and leave not one of them in the Land.

R. Eld. Indeed we suid make an Act of Transportability, ordaining the Civil Magistrate to banish them out of the Kingdom, and beyond the Line.

Mod. Call in the Curate. [*Officer calls*] —

Re-enter Mr. Shittle.

We will have nothing to do with your Petition, Sir, take it to you again; we'll give our Reasons for our Refusal afterwards.

Mr. Shitt. Moderator, we are clear in our Consciences to join with you in purging the Kirk of all scandalous, heretical and negligent Ministers of all Sorts, and chiefly of all such of our Persuasion as refuse to own your Authority; for we acknowledge your Power *de facto* over us, and all Power is of God, that's certain; for it is one of the new thirty-nine Articles: But consider it is not long since we were in the Possession of the Power; God pulls down one and sets up another. The Inclinations of the

the People are very changeable, and let that be a *memento mori* to you, Moderator: Besides, we propose very reasonable Terms of Communion: We are ready to subscribe the Confession of Faith, be in't what will; we are convinc'd in our Consciences, as much as any Man here, that no Faith is to be kept to a Popish King, and we both preach and pray heartily against the late King *James*, and the King of *France* too, and all their Accomplices: We are as much against the dangerous Principles of passive Obedience and Non-resistance, as either yourselves or the new Church of *England*; and we are clear for judging and deposing Kings whenever they displease us. In short, Moderator, you shall find our Consciences as tractable in all things as your own, except one Scruple, which we desire some Time to be resolved in. —

Mod. What's that, Sir?

Mr. Shitt. 'Tis this: You know, Moderator, that you have all possible Assurances and Promises, from you know whom, that your Kirk shall be triumphant, and the new Church of *England* thinks she has as faithful Promises, and as good Grounds to hope she shall prevail; now, we are not yet clear in our Consciences which of these Promises shall be kept; therefore, Moderator, all that we desire is, that you'll let us sit at our own Fire-sides, and preach for our Stipends, till this weighty Case of Conscience be resolved and determined, and then we'll know what to do.

Mod. Well, Sir, in a Word, for all your long Speech, we'll have nothing to do with you.

[*Exit Shittle shaking his Head.*]

Turb. Better the House of God lie in Rubbish, than be built by *Samaritans*.

Mod. Now, Brethren, it may be Cause of Lamentation for us, this Day, to see that the Statesmen do not go on Hand in Hand with us in the Work of the Lord.

Cov. It sets them well indeed, to be as far forward in the Cause of God as his own Servants: Na, Moderator, if they keep Sight of us, and be ready at our Call, we shall seek nae mair of them.

Sal. Alas! Moderator, they are so far from that, they now seem to have turn'd their Backs on us. What! have they not by Act of Parliament, taken the very Thunder-bolt of Excommunication from us? Have they not taken away all the civil and temporal Effects of it?

R. Eld. Fat ha' they deen? If that be true, we are but a Beik of Bees without Stangs.

Cov. Indeed, Brother, you say very right: What will Malignants care for Curses, if we can do nae mair? You ken they're better at that than we are. Nay, herry them, and shame them was the auld Gate o't.

Sal. But, Moderator, what was my Lord *Whig-ridden*, and the rest of our Elders who are Members of Parliament, doing when that Act pass'd?

Mod. In truth they cannot be blam'd in it, because it would have look'd prelatick-like in them to have watch'd and guarded that the Kirk sustained nae Prejudice; you know that was a Reason given for Prelates their being in all Courts: Moreover, they knew, that if any such Act were made, it was an impious Law, and of itself null, and of nae Force. — But, my Lord, what say you for yourself.

L. Whig. We have now Reason to lament with *Jeremiah*, and with *David* to sing, "Except the Lord do build the House, &c." The Kirk of *Scotland* in (my Lord) my Father's Time, was so fortified with Cannons, Pikes and Guns, that there was no surprising of her; but now she's like a Garden without either Dike or Fence: We are left to ourselves every Way, and ye know that's a hard Case: For who cou'd have thought, that, in so good an Act as that rescinding several wicked Acts of Parliament,

as that for the keeping the 29th of *May*, &c. they shou'd have foisted in these wicked Acts anent Excommunication; for, to tell the Truth, I never considered more of an Act than the Title, and that I thought sounded well enough: But I have since been consulting with Sir *William Littlelaw*, a Lawyer, a Friend of ours, who tells me that the Claim of Right will secure us well enough as to that.

R. Eld. If we be nae otherways sekeered, bot be the Claim of Right, we've a cald Coal to blaw at: I wad anes see't sekeere the *Quintra* fra free *Quarters*, and a' the rest of the *Abeefes* mentioned in't, and then we may expect sune Guid o't; but guid seeth, Moderator, Sir *William Littlelaw* had nae a's Wits about him fan that Claim was drawn, and sae's seen o't the Day; for they say he takes Fits.

Sol. What Fits? Fits of the Mother mean you? [*From a Corner.*] I have an infallible Cure for that.

R. Elder. Na; Fits of Madness.

Gov. That's a healsome Disease to be troubled in Spirit; I wish there were mony mae sick of that Disease.

Sal. If that be all, 'tis no great Matter: *Semel insanivimus omnes.*

Turb. What needs all this Din about an Act of Parliament? Cannot we make an Act and Declaration rescinding and annulling that act of Parliament, and there's an End o't? 'Tis not the first Time we have done it.

All. Well thought on! most reasonable!

[*The Committee applauds.*]

Mod. It is best we adjourn now, till to-morrow Morning, at which Time let us meet by Six o'Clock: Time's precious.

[*Scene closeth.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Lady Murray's Yeards.**Will. and Violetta meet in a Walk.*

Will. I See, tho' thou wert not the Challenger, yet thou art first in the Field.

Vio. You see I am a Woman of Honour——[*He offers to embrace and kiss her.*] Off Hands, Knight, 'tis too soon to grapple yet: Since I was not the Challenger, I have the Choice of the Weapons.

Will. I beg your Pardon, Madam; Murderers are not to be treated according to the Law of Arms; you wounded me ere I did draw, and in Church too.——I'm resolved to repay you ere we part.

Vio. Peace, Sir, I'll warrant, you think me one of your conventicling sighing Sisters, whom, if you catch by their Bibles, you're as sure of 'em as other Maids when you catch them by their Smocks.

Will. What more wou'd you have? Our Love was begun in the Church before the Priest.

Vio. Ay, but we must be there once again ere it be ended.

Will. So much Beauty, Wit and Innocence, I can bear it no longer.——[*Aside*] Ay, but this proud Heart of mine.——Damn whining, sighing, humble Love.——Come, bear it out stoutly once more.

Vio. Well, this is a *Faux-pas*, I find: Truffing my Person to a Stranger, no wonder he thinks me a good one.——Since I have rashly engaged my Forces, the next Thing to be thought on is a safe Retreat; I must keep a good Rear-guard. [*Aside.*]——You was better, Sir, at preaching the last Day.——What! not one Word! it seems you want a Text!

Will.

SCOTCH REFORMATION. 31

Will. Faith, Madam, I have a Text I could handle closely here.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Vio. Bear off, good Sir, 'tis superstitious to kiss the Bible; forbear a little, you'll find this Text somewhat hard for you: And you must pray ere you meddle with it, I assure you.

Will. Hungry People, Madam, forget to say Grace; I shall not fail to say one after I have eat my Belly-full.

Vio. But it seems you value the Meat little, if you account it not worth that Ceremony.

Will. I will contradict you, Madam; and, to let you see that I am consciencious, I'll confine myself to eat of this Dish so long as I live: Gad 'tis too good a Morsel for a splay Mouth.

Vio. If you mind to make your daily Bread of it, Sir, I'll be so much your Friend, that you shall never taste it till I see Grace fairly said.

Will. To be plain, Madam: Are ye not weary of your godly Aunt, (for I have got Account of your Genealogy already) her eternal Whining and Lecturing, and the religious, nonsensical Cant of the right reverend godly Blockheads of the fanatick Order?

Vio. I was ne'er very fond of 'em, Sir; and, in Truth, methinks I have e'en fool'd away too much Time that Way already.

Will. Wou'd you not be obliged to any that wou'd deliver you? I swear 'tis high Time for you now to be looking after the Business of your Creation.

Vio. I wou'd gladly know how that might be done; I believe I shou'd not be wanting to do my Part.

Will. I'll marry you at the rights, if you can find in your Heart to give yourself to an honest Fellow of no great Fortune.

Vio. In Truth, Sir, methinks it were fully as much for my future Comfort, to bestow myself, and

any little Fortune I have, upon you, as on some reverend Spark in a Band and short Cloke, with the Patrimony of a good Gift of Prayer, (which perhaps he will keep in Exercise for two Hours on his Bridal-night, when I shou'd wish he were looking after some other Thing) and with as little Sense as his Father (who was hang'd in the *Grass-Market* for murdering the King's Officers) had of Honesty.

Will. Then I must acknowledge, dear Madam, I am most damnably in Love with you, and must have you by foul or fair Play, chuse you whether.

Vio. I'll give you fair Play in an honest Way.

Will. Then, Madam, I can command a Parson when I please; and if you be half so kind as I could wish, we'll take a Hackney, and trot up to some honest Curate's House; Besides, a Guinea, or so, will be Charity to him, perhaps.

Vio. Hold a little, I am hardly ready for that yet; I intend (tho' I parley) not to yield at the first Trumpet: And my little Sister is not yet provided for, according to the second Part of the Lecture.

Will. Gad, I had forgot that; I was so tied to you, that I could not think on my Friend *Frank*, who is most dangerously in Love with her.

Vio. If he belie not his Name, Sir, that may be a Match too; for she has laboured long enough in this Purgatory, and wou'd be thankful to her Deliverer, I believe—— But by this Time my Aunt will be calling loudly upon her Chaplain, Mr. *Wordie*, her apparent Son-in-law, for Family-exercise; if I were absent, the absolute Decree would pass against me; I shou'd be thrust out of the Verge of Grace.

Will. Why call you him her apparent Son-in-law?

Vio. Faith 'tis apparent in her Daughter's Belly.

—— But I must be gone.

Will. I hope one that's been so christianly bred up will not leave her first Love so soon; that's indeed falling back, but in the wrong Sense. And besides,

sides, when shall we meet again? The Canticles will furnish us with no new Occasion, I said all I know on them yesterday.

Vio. I'll put you to a Task perhaps will fright you, but 'tis the only Way to see me; Go, get me a double-necked Cloke, a high-crown'd Hat, and all the other Appurtenances of a Presbyterian Minister, not forgetting the Time, Tone, Smack, Cringe, and decent Sigh: And in this Disguise you may venture up to my Aunt's House; faith you need not doubt your Welcome from her: I think it best you bring your Friend, *Frank*, with you, lest *Laura's* Mouth water, and she spoil the Plot; I'll prepare your Way, and tell my Aunt I invited two godly Ministers to dine with her, that are just now come from *Holland*: I'll say I saw you at my Lady Conventicle's Lodging this Morning.

Will. By the Lord I'll do it; I vow I cou'd transform myself to a stranger monster for your dear Sake.

Vio. But hardly to a greater Beast. Sir, ——— *Laura* will be at *Heriot's* Yards, after Prayer, meditating; but I shou'd not wish your Friend *Frank* knew this; he would perhaps disturb her private Thoughts.

Will. I believe he may; for he useth to walk there to shun the Impertinencies of Street-fops, who persecute a Man as unreasonably as ever a Dragoon did a *French* Protestant. ———

Vio. ——— Or a Cameronian Minister and his Gown. ——— But I must go. So adieu. ——— Do you know our Lodgings? [Exit Violetta.

Will. Faith, and that I do. ——— Farewell, my Dear; I am your devoted Servant, I assure you ——— Now I'll go to *Frank*, and send him to meet the little Sister, and, in the mean time, endeavour to lay by any Sense I have, that I may the better fit the Character I am to put on ——— But here he comes ———

Good

Good News for you, Friend! 'Twill do, Man! The Ladies are pliable, by the Lord.

Enter Frank.

Fra. I am truly restless till I speak with this *Laura*.

Will. She'll be just now in *Heriot's Yards* after Prayers; she walks there, Boy. [*They walk toward the Street; they meet People as they go, and halt.*]

Fra. Gad, I'll attend her ——— What grave reverend People are these, dost thou not know?

Will. Gad, that's a Parcel of Presbyterian Ministers. Faith, *Frank*, theirs may be called the Foolishness of Preaching in a literal Sense; both in their Prayers and Sermons they're mighty Pindarick, for this Sentence hath no more Coherence with what's past, nor Connexion with what's to follow, than the *Ave Maria* has with the Lord's Prayer: They hate Confinement to Sense and Reason, and freely give you such Notions as the Spirit of God dictates to them (as they use to preface it.) This indeed is the only Thing I know they keep their Promise in. What Grace they may have I cannot tell, but for Gifts, methinks, they are not very throng about them; they have not, in my Opinion, many Talents to answer for: They should (as truly they are not wanting too) cry down carnal human Learning, for they are as scarce of that as of Honesty.

Fra. Gad, methinks, Christ's Vineyard is but ill Tenant-*stead* (as we use to say of our Lands.)

Will. If I had such a Tenandry in my little Interest, I vow to God I should let it lie ley rather: Besides, if my Tenants were as impertinently homely with me, as they are with their Master, I should not endure it so pleasantly, or rather patiently ——— But there's a Convention of University-men, who may truly be divided into two Classes, *Fools* and *Knaves*; they are all of the latter Sort, and the greatest Part, of the former. The most part of them are so ignorant, that it were hard to tell their *primum cognitum*. They are for the old heterogenial Prin-

ciples,

principles, for they speak one Thing, teach a second, swear a third, profess and maintain a fourth, and, if it could be, wou'd believe a fifth. Says one Fellow, Why! must I lose my Place for two Lines of an Oath? Says another, I'll swear, but I'll be the old Man still: A third, I have a Family must be maintained: Says a fourth, I'll keep my Place merely to despite my Colleague, who would have me outted: So down go the Oaths, as fast as tender Chicks a Presbyterian Minister's Throat after a long *Sunday's* Exercise.

Fra. I thought these Brethren of Iniquity had agreed better, and that there was no Jangling 'twixt them.

Will. Gad, these Sparks can never agree while their Interests are divided. If they can cheat one another of a Scholar, that's their great Plot: When one has got behind his Neighbour's Back, he'll tell, his Conscience is as wide as Hell; so thus throwing Dirt at his Neighbour, he bespatters himself. In short, Honesty and Ingenuity are banished far from them, Dissembling is their chiefest Quality.

[*Exeunt discoursing.*]

Enter Lord Huffy with a Whip in his Hand, and Dogs following, Lord Whigriden meeting him.

L. Huff. Holo, holo, holo! Good-morrow to your Lordship.

L. Whig. Your Lordship's Servant: Whither so timely with this Beast-equipage—Ha, ha, ha.

L. Huff. A-hunting, my Lord; a little Diversion after the Toil and Fatigue of Business.

L. Whig. Upon my Honour, my Lord, I'm mightily burdened, truly born down with the Affairs and mighty Concerns of the Nation. I'll tell thee, Man, I had not so much Time as to kiss my Wife these twelve Months for publick Business: My Concern for the State makes me neglect my Duty to my Family——But I go a-hunting to-day too, my Lord.

L. Huff.

L. Huff. Where are your Dogs? We'll go together.

L. Whig. There's a Brace of good, well-pointed Libels; [*Pulling some Papers out of his Pocket.*] I hunt the Curates, my Lord, the Wolves out of Christ's Vineyard; I am an old Tyke at them, i'faith — Ha, ha, ha, ha.

L. Huff. A good Jest, i'faith; I think I can run down a Curate too. — But I hope shortly we shall have none of that Kind of Cattle to hunt, then your Lordship's Dogs lie idle — Ha, ha, ha.

L. Whig. If it be otherways, it shan't be my Fault; — I'll worry all I see; my Dogs are sure-mouth'd — Ha, ha, ha. — But I'm told King *William* will interdict the Forest: He says he will protect the Curates, they behaving themselves as becomes.

Enter behind them Visioner and Novel.

L. Huff. What if he do? My Father, my Brother, and I, will lay down our Commissions: I shan't say much, — But, mum, — Let him fill them again.

Vis. — With such Men, in Haste, I'm sure he shan't!

Nov. Such Beasts, you would say.

Vis. Beasts or Men, 'tis all one; but speak discreetly. — Let me tell you, I shou'd be sorry King *William* lost such Servants: Faith they'll make our Nation famous for —

Nov. — For producing Monsters, like the *Indies*.

L. Huff. If I whip not the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple, let my right Hand forget her Cunnings. [*Clacks his Whip.*]

L. Whig. I have a Curate in Chase to-day, my Lord: You must return before the Council sit down; I'll need Assistance; the Fellow has complied, and may get Friends: When his Business is called, I'll make me as if I had ne'er heard on't before; so
out

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out pull I my Pocket-book, and finding him there,
ordine alphabetico, Oho, then, say I! Is this Curate
 such-a-one, was drunk such a Day, beat his Beadle
 at such a Time, play'd at Cards in such a Company,
 swore such an Oath? A bloody-mouth'd Rogue,
 caus'd imprison one of the People of God, for no
 other Fault, saving his being at *Bothwell-Bridge*.
 Your Lordship must answer, The very same; you
 must avouch the whole Story.

L. Huff. Yes, faith, so I shall; I'll assure the
 Lords I heard it this Morning, for a certain Truth,
 from your Lordship's own Mouth.

L. Whig. Well, your Lordship's Servant; I must
 go to the Committee: If you be near the Mint-House,
 acquaint my Lord *Acreless* with the Plot; you know
 he's a Confederate.——Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit laughing.*]

L. Huff. I shall. Your Servant, my Lord.——
 Holo, holo, holo. [*Exit with his Train.*]

ACT III. SCENE II.

The Old Lady's Lodging.

Old Lady, Mr. Solomon Cherry-Trees.

Old La. **M**R. *Solomon*, have you not convinc'd
 my Niece, my stubborn, obstinate
 Niece, that there should be Union and Communion
 betwixt the Members of the same Kirk, and that, for
 the better Performance of this, there shou'd be a Pa-
 rity betwixt the Members.

Sol. Indeed there should betwixt Ministers, but
 none betwixt the Minister and his two Lay-el-
 ders.

Old La. But as to the fittest Posture in Time of
 Exercise?

Sol. Indeed I can never get her convinc'd, that
 Standing is by far the most convenient.

Old

Old La. But she remains still obstinate as to Perseverance.

Sol. Indeed I can hardly persuade her that a fallen Member will ever rise again.——But as for these Things, nothing but Experience, Madam; wait but a while, till she feel the in-bearing Work about her own Heart. I'm resolved to visit and deal with her; she's in her Chamber, I hope.

Maid. Pray you stop a little; she's just now dressing herself.

Sol. No Matter, I must be instant in Season and out of Season. [*Rushes forward into her Chamber,*
[*Laura retires in Disorder.*

Maid. You're in a Prick-haste, i'faith.

Sol. I'm resolv'd to be impudent for once [*Aside.*]——Madam, though you would be never so obstinate, these two fair breasts of yours evidently prove a Parity in the Church. [*Handling her Breasts.*] Look you now! Doth the one of these tyrannize over the other, thus, or thus? They live in brotherly Unity and Concord together. Do not imagine that the Body natural is thus orderly, and that the wise Creator would suffer such a Blemish in the mystical.

Lau. re-entering. Good Mr. Parson, you must fetch your Similies elsewhere; I assure you I'll be neither Parable nor Metaphor to your Kirk-government.

Sol. Dear Madam, forbear that Antichristian Name of Parson; that curs'd Prelacy runs still in your Head.——But this leads me to discourse of bare Breasts and gaudy Apparel: O what a hideous Thing is it, for a Protestant Woman to have her Breasts strutting out thus! [*Handling her Breasts.*]

——Yea, some will discover them thus far, to their eternal Shame. [*Handling them, he thrusts his Hand down her Breast.*

Lau. Men of such Metal as you cannot endure it, but, however, methinks you're a little too familiar: I'm sure you never use to handle your Text so closely.

Sol.

Sol. It may be; but you'll never know the Difference till you find me in the Pulpit.

Lau. I say, once more, good Mr. Parson, (if that will fright you) forbear; you have not those Things can atone for pressing into a Lady's Retirement so early, I mean, Youth and Gallantry.

Sol. Nay, Madam, I think Soul-concerns.—— Yet I am not so old neither. [*Looking in the Glass.*]

——But, Madam, the Concern I have for your Body——your Mind, I mean——And 'twere a Pity such a fair Piece of the Creation should perish, and these bright Eyes, that shine like Stars in the Sanctuary: Put your Confidence in me, Madam; trust to my Conduct; I'll cure all the fleshly Appetites that war against the Spirit; I'll carry you to a Bed of Roses, where you shall taste the Sweets of Love. O the Height! the Depth! the Breadth! and the Length of a true active Love!

Lau. Hold, Sir! forbear! Gad, I'd not trust my little Spaniel Bitch in your Bed of Roses among your Perfumes and Things! Mark me, Sir; foh! You scent strong of Tobacco and Sack——I warn you; no more of your Cant.——I'll pardon what's past, but, in Time coming, if I hear one Word of Beds, bare Breasts, Sweets of Love, and such Gibberish, that become your wry Mouth as ill as that fair Wig doth your Monkey-face; I'll reveal all, spoil your Trade, and make you appear, instead of a mortified Saint, and Preacher of the Gospel of Christ, a most profane, lustful, old, impudent Villain. [*Exit Laura.*]

Sol. I'll get me gone, and tell her Aunt she's a good Proficient in the Lessons of Grace: If I irritate her she'll mar all, and reveal me to the old Lady: She has my Thumb under her Belt once, I wish my whole Hand were really so; as old as I am, I should—— [*Exit shaking his Head.*]

A C T III. S C E N E III.

A Church. The Committee.

Moderator, *Mr. Salathiel, Mr. Turbulent, Mr. Covenant, Mr. Solomon, Lord Whigriden, Ruling Elder.*

Mod. **B**Y his Providence we have gotten the hardest of our Work over: We've e'en almost rooted out the Curates, who were never planted in Christ's Vineyard: Let us now proceed to Planting, for now all Things are as they were at the Beginning.

Sal. Thanks be to his predestinated Majesty for that; *Nam reges ad exemplis totis compositur orbos.*-- But, in Truth, Moderator, I must tell you, our College is doing its Duty to send out excellent young Men to the Vineyard: Thanks to worthy Mr. *M—ie*, who teaches them to dispute *categorematicè* and *syncategorematicè*, and despise vain Philosophy and Mathematicks; and instructs them in many Things, which the Malignants, who want Grace, say are contrary to Reason: Indeed, Moderator, they are above Reason. And what tho' they were contrary to it? What hath carnal Reason or human Learning to do about Christ's Spouse?

Mod. We've heard meikle Good of him, indeed, Brother.

Sal. Truly, if all our Professors were like him, we shou'd be as happy a College as is in *Scotland* this Day; but you know how some of them perjured themselves to disappoint our Good-doing: Yet, for all that, I maun say, if we were quit of one Man, we were e'en Neighbour-like yet.—— 'Tis the Lord's Doings, that hath purged the Fountains and Seminaries: They were all over-grown with
Cartes's

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Cartes's Mathematicks and human Reasoning; yea, some of them were so blasphemous, as to maintain that the King was supreme and unaccountable.

Mod. That's a' very true, *Mr. Salathiel*: But I think we have ta'en a Course with them for that—
But now for Planting.

Turb. Truly, Moderator, I would have some of the malignant Expectants hook'd, if we cou'd be sicker of them.

Cov. The Curates are Bulis of *Bashan*, and therefore I'll speak a Word about Dogs, and ha' done. You know, where there are Bulls, there's a Bull-beating, and where there's a Bull-beating there are Dogs. Now, there are two sorts of Dogs, God's Dogs and the Devil's Dogs; if you let in the Curates, the Devil's Mastiffs, they'll worry God's own Messons.——No more about that.

Sol. from a Corner.] I would have able Divines to dress the Spouse abundantly, in Season and out of Season, and to satisfy her Cravings and Longings; for, poor Virgin, she hath been starved these twenty-eight Years. The Malignants are People who have good natural Gifts: I think, if they had Grace to wait well or close upon their Work, we might admit them into the Bride's Bed.

Mod. I know People, who are right good Judges of Gifts, that say the malignant young Men are as well endowed with them as any, and they will get Grace as soon as they come to our Side of the House; therefore, Officer, call in *Mr. Turncoat*.

Enter Turncoat bowing and cringing.

Mod. Sir, What would you say to us?

Turnc. If it please your good Wisdom, I wou'd know what you'd say to me.

Mod. It is Cause, Sir, of Mourning and Lamentation to you, as long as you live, that you dwelt so long in the Tents of Sin, and have so publickly committed Uncleannefs with the Whore.

Turnc. My Lord—I mean, Moderator, I never in my Life sat on the Repentance-stool, and consequently never committed Adultery.

Mod. Ah, Mr. *Turncoat*, I see out of the Abundance of the Heart the Mouth speaketh; I see you have a Heart-blindness and Hankering after Prelacy, when you speak so the Language of the Beast, and do not understand the Language of the Sanctuary.

Clerk. Do you not know, Sir, that Mr. *Covenant* prov'd, that the Curates lay with the Whore of *Babylon*, and begat fourteen Blackbirds, to wit, the Prelates, out of that Text in the *Revelation*, “ I laid her upon a Bed, &c.——

Cov. Right! But how came you to comply with these adulterous Loons?

Turnc. Oh the Iniquity, Tyranny and Wickedness of former Times! I was e'en forced to communicate with them, as I wou'd with a *Turk* or a *Jew*; yea, a Papist: But I was still a good Presbyterian in my Heart, and I think that's enough.

Mod. Very good, Sir; e'en many good Ministers were forc'd to do the same; but their Hearts are right, and that's all that we or God seeks of them.—But what do you say about Prelacy?

Turnc. I think it a most superstitious, idolatrous, antichristian Order, reprobated before the Foundations of the World.

L. Whig. Mark, Moderator, he says Episcopacy's Foundation is in the World.—Yea, he calls it an Order; I think he should rather call it a Confusion, or else we'll take Order with him.

Sal. That's no Matter, my Lord, whether it be Confusion or not, so it be not Order: But, as touching the Confession of Faith!

Turnc. I think it the best Book in the World, and that the Pennmen thereof were more than supernaturally inspired.

R. Eld.

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R. Eld. See yet, Moderator, he ca's the Confession of Faith a Buik, I think it ought to be ca'd a Bible, for the Haill Duty of Man is ca'd a Buik.

Sal. No Matter whether it be called a Book or a Bible (for the word, *hæc biblia bibliae*, may signify both) so it be not a Whole Duty of Man.—Well, Sir, you'll subscribe it without any Qualifications, Restrictions or Reservations, and assent thereunto, *non solum materialiter, but formaliter.*

Turnc. Yes; and I think there's an Argument against the Perfection of Scripture, because it contradicts the Confession of Faith in the Points of universal Redemption and Reprobation.

Sol. A raw-gifted Brother this; he seems not to have the two Corner-stones, the two cardinal Graces, the good Gifts of Preaching and Lecturing, together with the long long Gift of Prayer.

Cov. I'll give you two Advices about Reading of Books: First, what Books ye should not read; and, *2dly*, and lastly, what Books ye should read. First, read no prelati- cal, papistical, heathen Authors, *Jew- ish*, or Morality Books. *2dly*, Read *Gray's* and *Guthrie's* Sermons, *Rutherford's* Letters, the Covenant, and Confession of Faith.

Mod. The Benison of the Covenant light upon you, Sir, for now and ever. [*Exit Turncoat bowing and cringing*].—Well, Sirs, I find this will not do the Turn, except we fall upon some new Way to cause all the rich Nobles and wise Gentles concur with us in the Work of the Lord.—If they knew themselves, they would e'en come and lend God a Lift without Bidding: But, Sirs, what shall be done with that?

Turb. As the Lord lives, I think we are better quit of them; for you know 'tis said by the Apostle, "Not many wise, not many noble, not many learned, not many rich;" and I think that the only Mark our Kirk hath of the true Kirk.

Mod. Let us meet again at ten o'Clock, Brethren, for I hear some ill Reports, that they are Enemies to the Kirk: So we'll do as much as we can, and leave undone the Things we do not.

[Scene closeth.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Heriot's Yeards.

Enter Laura and Violetta in a Walk.

Lau. **S**ister, you told me your Servant said his Friend used to walk here to shun the tedious Impertinencies of Town-fops; but it seems he either slights the Occasion of meeting me, or his Friend was dull.

Vio. Faith, Sister, I find you're in Love of him already, you're so impatient; but, if they be what we are certainly inform'd they are, they're neither such Sots, nor so ill-natur'd.

Lau. I should like better, i'faith, a Conversation with the lusty, brisk, brave, young Fellow, that can speak Sense, and do his Courtesy right, than one of our true Presbyterian Blockheads, those Haters of Reason, and Criers-down of good Manners, as much as set Forms; who know no more their Duty to a Lady, than to their Sovereign.

[Exeunt by the Walk.

A little after enters Frank solus.

Fra. — Damn these fanatick Dogs! had it not been their long Prayers she'd been here ere now; I am all Impatience to see her; it were more for her Edification and Comfort to hear me assure her, in short, that I am her most humble Servant, than a Fellow, after as many wry Mouths as wou'd fright a Necromancer,

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Necromancer, and as many Pangs as his Mother had when she bare him, tell his Maker, with an Emphasis, that the King of *France* is a Tyrant, and ought to be rooted out——But here she's! I'm all Fire! By the Heavens she's fair! Gad she's young!

Re-enter Laura sola.

Lau. Here he is! Now for Gravity——Let me see, I'll think on Damnation, as my Aunt bids me, when I incline to laugh. [*Aside.*]

Fra. Madam, may I have the Honour to accompany you in your Walk?

Lau. If you did, Sir, it might prove scandalous, and I am neither willing to hazard my own Reputation, nor ruin any little you may have.

Fra. No great Scandal, Madam, for the Place is publick. Methinks it shou'd rather ruin my Reputation to walk by a handsome Lady, like a Merchant on the *Exchange*——I'm sure it wou'd in some Places where I have been.

Lau. If it be only, Sir, a general Piece of Gallantry, that I believe you are ready to pay to all the Street-whores in Town, it hardly merits my Thanks; so I assure you I'll neither laugh at you myself, nor tell it as Jest, and Nobody sees to censure you.

[*She's going, he detains her.*]

Fra.——Gad, Madam, but you escape not so; since you had the Patience to hear one Mr. *Solomon* (I believe they call him) mangle so unmercifully an innocent Piece of Scripture yesterday, methinks thou art Nonsense-proof; so you must e'en bear with me a little; besides, 'tis Charity to administer Comfort to me, for I am in Love.

Lau. I find 'twill out, and I am content it shou'd [*Aside.*]——On condition you'll leave me, Sir, I'll promise you my best Help; I'll pray for you, Sir.

Fra. If you be my Intercessor, Madam, I hope I shall soon be happy, for the Lady is young, rich and handsome, and may have many other good Qualities. Besides, she's an Intimate of yours, I am sure.

Lau.

Lau. Make your Demands reasonable, and I'm sure I shall do all I can for you.

Fra. I take you at your Word, Madam; gad, you are the fair One yourself.

Lau. I am oblig'd to you, Sir, if all these good Things be said of me; for tho' I always believed them of myself, yet you are the first Flatterer that ever told me of them.

Fra. Then, at least, I have no declared Rival.

Lau. Nay, for that, Sir, this is the Way to get you one, and a dangerous one too: To tell me of so many good Qualities will make me fall in Love with myself; but you must speak good Things of yourself ere I can love you, if you wou'd be at that.

Fra. There I wou'd be, indeed; but I'll be entirely beholden to you for your Love. I'll disclaim Merit.

Lau. But this is an Age wherein Charity waxeth cold.

Fra. I'll only ask Liberty to serve you.

Lau. You'll, ten to one, expect Wages in the End.

Fra. Ay, Madam, yourself, or nothing: I could be content to have Earnest in Hand.

[Offers to kiss her.]

Lau. Hold off, Sir, you are a saucy Servant; besides, we are not yet agreed; I must know what you can do, ere I swap a Bargain. Cou'd you come every Sunday to Church, and be condemned, without sleeping or whistling, to sit gravely and hear two Hours of a Sermon?

Fra. I cou'd, every Day in the Week, to see you.

Lau. And hear ten or twelve double Verses of a Psalm sung to a pitiful Tune?

Fra. I could hear from the first of the *Revelation* to the last of the *Genesis*, to have the Happiness to hear you sing as one of the Quiristers.

Lau. It seems you're an ill Divine——But these are two mortifying Pieces of Service, Are they not?

Fra.

Fra. Flat Tyranny, as I shall answer to God—
But hold, Madam, after all that, Could ye love, marry, live with me, and beget Sons and Daughters?

Lau. If you'd promise to live at home, read the Scriptures, sing Psalms, and pray in your Family, I might perhaps do my Duty.

Fra. Gad, I shall be very good at Family-exercise, I'll warrant you—But, Madam, 'tis not Raillery with me; faith, I'm resolv'd I'll have you: I have a Comerade has a Plot on your Sister too; I cannot tell if you know on't.

Lau. I believe I do; and I must try your Fidelity and Courage, as my Sister does your Comerade's: Go, put me on a Presbyterian Minister, and meet me at my Aunt's against Dinner; your Friend is to do this for my Sister; he'll accompany you, and instruct you farther: If you love me as much as he doth my Sister, you'll venture as far for me; I'm generous; I'll reward you.

Fra. Madam, faith that's hard; gad 'tis a monstrous Disguise.

Lau. No more Words, I see People coming; remember 'tis my first Command. So farewell.

Exit Laura.

Fra. Madam, your Servant. Gad I'll keep it most religiously; I'll endeavour to have as little Sense, and as much Hypocrisy as the best of 'em—Yet what if I should be forced to say Prayers, or Grace—Stay, when I was young, my Mother taught me a Word or two. [*Exit muttering his Grace.*] "O God of all Power and Glory, who hast created us
" at this Time——"

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A Church. The Committee.

Moderator, *Mr. Turbulent, Mr. Salathiel, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Covenant, Clerk, Lord Whiggridden, Ruling-Elder.*

Mod. **B** Rethren, we are met here in this Place, by God's special Providence, about his own Work: I hope there are none here but will go on both cheerfully and willingly with the worthy Design of Reformation. Indeed our Hands are much weakned, for the Court e'en begins to forget the House of God: Therefore we ought to go on with the more Strength, Courage and Zeal in the Work we are going about—Clerk, read the Assembly's Act about Plantations; for that's the Thing we are to meddle with at this Time. [*Clerk reads.*]

Clerk. The right reverend the Moderator and General Assembly of the Kirk of *Scotland*, taking to their Consideration the Growth of Profanity for the Want of the Gospel, and the Abundance of Hypocrisy through the Preaching of the same, have, with an unanimous Consent, ordained the respective Synods and Presbyteries to make diligent Search after all Vagabonds, Randy-beggars and Sabbath-breakers, &c. to give up their Names to the Kirk-sessions—

Turb. Moderator, the Clerk knows not what he reads.

Mod. Is not this the Act about Plantations you are reading, Clerk? —I mean the Act of the Assembly?

Clerk. Yes, if you wou'd hear it read out, you wou'd be convinced.

Mod. Say on, Sir—[*Turbulent offers to speak.*] Do not disturb the Committee, Sir. [*Clerk reads.*]

Clerk.

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Clerk. The Assembly appoints their Names to be dilated to the respective Kirk-sessions ; and, in case they be contumacious, ordains the Civil Magistrate to take notice of them, ay and till they give Obedience to the Kirk.

Extractum per me Jo. Spaldin.

Turb. I say, Moderator, that's not the Act we are seeking ; not one Word in that Act about Plantations.

Clerk. Will you hear it read over again.

Mod. There's no Need of that, I think the whole Committee seems to be satisfied that this is the Act. Sir, you shou'd not speak against the whole Committee.—Sit down, Sir.

Turb. Moderator, the Plantation-act names a Subcommittee, who are to call in all the Curates and Prelates that preach in the Country ; and, unless you mean them by the Vagabonds and Randy-beggars, I do not see this is the Act.

Mod. What if we do, Sir ? there's no great Harm. But will you have a Vote whether it be or not ? Speak out, Sir ?

Cov. I think all this Debate needless. Let Mr. *Turbulent* tell what the Act was, or acquiesce to the Determination of the Committee.—I think the Clerk shou'd be believed.

Mod. Mr. *Salathiel*, was you present when the Act was made ? Is this the Act the Clerk has read just now, Sir ?—Say, Sir, and rid our Feet of this Difficulty.

Sal. As the Truth is in me, I cannot say positively this is the Act, but, for any Thing I know, it may be the Act. *Nam de futuris contingentibus non datur determinata certitas.*

Mod. What think you, then ? Must we refer it to a Vote.

Clerk. Moderator, I have found the Act.

Mod. Sir, you are to blame for putting the Committee to all this needless Trouble ; read it out, Sir, and

and see you be right now, and not wrong a second Time, once more.

[Clerk reads.

Clerk. The Moderator and the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, having considered the great Damage the Nation, and Kirk of God within the samen, hath received, and doth daily receive, from the several Persons who call themselves Ministers of Christ, by venting the Soul-destroying and Gospel-overturning Principles of *Arminianism*, *Pelagianism*, *Arianism*, *Nestorianism*, &c. doth, with an harmonious Vote, forbid all the foresaid pretended Ministers to preach in any Place, either within or without the Kingdom, ay and till such Time as they profess their Repentance to the Committee appointed for recovering Apostates.

Extractum per me Jo. Spaldin.

Mod. Now, you have heard the Act, say, What will be the best Way of treating with those of the prelatick Party who will join with us in Communion?

Sal. There are three Things in that Business would be narrowly considered. *1stly*, How are we to treat? *2dly*, With whom are we to treat? *3dly*, and *lastly*, Whether we should treat or not?

Mod. Sit down, Mr. *Salathiel*; let us ask my Lord's Opinion—My Lord, what think you of the Business before our Hands now, for the present under Consideration?

L. Whig. Such is the Sense of my own Infirmary, Moderator, that I needed more than an ordinary Confidence, without your Desire, to declare my Opinion. I perceive the Thing before the Board is Communion-terms with the prelatick Party, about which I shall speak three Words, and ha' done. I shall begin with the last first. *First*, then, of the last; I think the Institution of the Sacrament of our Saviour to be the great Mark of Communion in the catholic Church, and that which distinguisheth Protestants from Papists, and Presbyterians from both. *2dly*, I think the Ceremony of sitting much more decent and edifying than that of kneeling, which is idolatrous,

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latrous, or standing, which is a superstitious and most profane Posture in Time of divine Ordinances. *Lastly*, Moderator, the admitting of Persons to the holy Table, is a Matter of great Importance, and deserves Consideration, and ought not rashly to be done, which was the great Error of the prelatick Party.

Mod. Will your Lordship be pleased to explain yourself? There are some here who have Difficulty to understand you.

Sol. Tho' I be not a Member in this Committee, [*from a Corner*] yet I'll give my Opinion as if I were a Member. Have a care of the Concerns of Christ's Kirk; get able Men, well-gifted, to do Duty to her for Fructification.

Mod. Sit down, Sir,—What say you, Brother *Turbulent*?

Turb. I advise, for a more expedite Form of Depositions, that there be a *libella universalis*, which is as much as to say, *an universal Libel*; and that two Days of Compearance, or the Forenoon and Afternoon of the same Day, be allotted for the whole Curates on this and on the other Side of *Tay*, and that they be cited at the Instance of the Committee to compear before it.

Gov. To what our Brother has said I have two Queries, two Difficulties, one Fear, and a Proposal; or rather, two Proposals, two Queries, one Difficulty, and a Fear. My Proposals are, that there be an Act prohibiting all answering of Libels either by Word or Writ, and that the Curates be libelled on Faults to be done, as done. My first Question is, Whether we should plant their Kirks ere we depose them, or depose them ere we plant their Kirks? My second Question is, How is it possible to reach those Curates that are neither on this nor on the other Side of *Tay*?

Rul. Eld. Let 'em come in by a Class of their own, which, with the other two—let me see—two and one, make just three.

G

Gov.

Cov. Well, my Difficulty is, whether this Libel should be written or printed; and my Fear is, that the Curates call this indirect Dealing, and judging in our own Cause.

Turb. What, will not Christ be Judge in his own Cause at the last Day? Did *Joshua*, when he extirpated the Idolaters, cite every Man to personal Appearance, and give him a Copy of his Libel aforehand? Did Christ, when he whipt the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple, take every particular Huckster-wife by the Lug? I trow no. —

All. Strong Sense!

Mod. But, as to these Difficulties, what say you, my Lord?

L. Whig. First, to conclude, there being a standing Relation betwixt Flocks and their ancient Pastors, and Churches being comprehended in Synods, and Synods in Presbyteries; I would say, Churches being comprehended in Presbyteries, and Presbyteries in Provincial Assemblies, and these again in the General Assembly, this will breed a Kind of a — you understand me — Now, this being joined to the Badness of the Weather in the Winter-time, and Plantations following Depositions, either immediately before, or immediately behind — it would be considered that there be no Stop put to the Work of the Lord.

Mod. Where are your Doubts now? — I trow they are gone, Sir.

Cov. But still as touching the Proposals.

Three speak. A Committee for the Proposals, another for the Questions, and another for the Fear.

R. Eld. We canna vote a Committee till we ken wha shall be on't.

Cov. But as to private Baptism and Communion?

All. Committee, or no Committee!

Mod. To appease the Tumult, let us pray — O Lord, the Confusion of our Minds shews that our Spirits are in Disorder; and, as we were orderly before

fore our Confusion begun, so we intreat that it may be so when it is at an end. We thank thee for the great Harmony, Oneness and Union [that is amongst us, for, be we orderly, be we confused, we gae all ae Gaet, &c.

Turb. I hear that we are to be dissolved; that this Sun-shine will not last; that should be taken notice of.

Mod. I hear no less, Brother, but I do not believe it: However, let us adjourn till the Afternoon, at which Time we will meet and give a Home-stroke at least. In the mean time, I think, there should be Committees appointed for Appeals, Declinations, Depositions, Plantations, pastoral Relations and Scriptural Sibnesses, and Acts of Transportability.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE III.

The Abbey-Gate.

Enter Lord Huffy kicking and whipping two Dogs led by two Soldiers; a Huntsman with his Hands bound; Boy, &c.

L. Huff. **Y**ou damn'd Curs, I'll teach you to hunt contrary to my Orders! And for you, Mr. Huntsman, to be sure you must be disaffected to the present established Government both in Church and State. Carry him to the Guard!

[*Exeunt Soldiers and Huntsman.*]

Boy. But the poor Curs understand not your Lordship's Order.

L. Huff. Peace, you Rascal; I'll teach them and you both to understand.—Carry in the Dogs, and put them in close Prison; let no Body see them except an Officer be present.

[*Exit Soldier leading the Dogs to Prison.*]

Boy whispering.—Colonel's Dogs, Sir.

L. Huff. The Devil's Dogs, Sir! I say, If the best Colonel in the Army were a Dog, and hunted contrary to my Proclamation, he should find no better Treatment.—Go, Sirrah, tell the Colonel I have catch'd his Dogs hunting within two Miles of the Town, contrary to my Commands, and have laid them in Prison till he find Surety for their better Behaviour.—What! from your Post, you Son of a Whore!

Enter a Soldier, Huffy whips him.

Sol. An't please your Lordship, the little Dog has broke the Window, and escap'd through the Grate.

L. Huff. You Villain, pursue him! raise the Huy and Cry. If you get him not back, I'll cause shoot you for your Neglect: Damn'd Cur, break the King's Prison! What, you Rascal, loitering! pursue! make haste!

[Exit Huffy, whipping the Soldier.]

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

The Parliament-Close.

Enter Will. and Frank discoursing, People passing by.

Fra. I Cannot bear the Thoughts of this Disguise, rid me of it, dear *Will.* if it be possible; gad I'd almost rather lose my new Mistress, than be beholden to Lying, Dissimulation, Sighing, a double-neck'd Cloke, the Covenant and Confession of Faith, for her.

Will. It must be; Two thousand Pounds, and a handsome young Lady—The End's pleasant, tho' the Means be rough and odd.—But look you there.

Fra. Faith that Fellow looks well.

Will.

Will. Indeed you have taken the best Prospect of him at first: Gad he looks big, as if he had a Mind to do something, when the Man has no more ill Meaning than the silliest Cobler in Town. Gad he'll bluster, make a Noise, tell it must be so, and it must be no otherways, and he will——

Fra. And what will he? Perhaps something of no great Import.

Will. Why, nothing at all; after a Pause or two, three or four Frowns, a long Declaration of his Interest in the Peerage, and his Concern for the Good of the Nation, he sits down and tells he's satisfied, and will say no more. In short, no Party could ever fix him, no Favour oblige him, no State of Life content him; he's exactly like a Lady's pet Dog, who snarls at every Thing, but can bite nothing, except you thrust your Hand into its Mouth.

Fra. Or like an old Leacher, whose Tongue's the unruliest Member about him.

Will. Ay, a State *Hector*, with the Spirit of a Chicken, who has been all his Life strutting and bawling against Courtiers and Favourites, and yet each of them, from the highest to the lowest, has trampled and pifs'd upon him; his whole Honour lies in his Title and Blazon; his Loyalty, as well as his Religion, is compounded of his own Want of all Principles, and his Lady's Whigry; he talks highly of his Country, but never did it any other Service, than to help to put it into Confusion, to serve his own insatiable Avarice, which is the only Thing in the World he is constant to. If God and the Devil were personally in Competition for the Government, a hundred Pounds of Odds carries him to either Side; and I doubt not, if he had been an Apostle, he had underfold *Judas*. He's no Man's Friend, and every Man's, and yet no Man's Foe: In short, he's a blazing nothing, and below History.——So let him go there.

Fra. I perceive, *Will.* thou art pretty free in thy Descriptions. Prithee, what's he that seems to look every Way, and yet no Way? He turns about so suddenly, as if he thought the Devil at his Heels.

Will. Consider him now, *Frank*, thou mayst look as many Ways as he seems to do, and travel as far as he hath done, ere you find out such another. Before his Country was curs'd to have him for a Magistrate and a Statesman, he pass'd for a pleasant Sort of a whoring, painting, talking, fiddling, lewd Fellow; and a Hero of Fighting, Fineness and *Belles Lettres*: But he hath made such a damn'd Figure since he was dress'd in Scarlet and Ermine, that a Body wou'd think he had e'en conjured up the good old Gentleman of Hell himself to judge of our Lives and Fortunes.

Fra. Isn't this the mighty Fop, who made a long pedantick Speech against his Predecessors, and in Praise of himself, about Shelves, and splitting and adding of Grain-weights to the Balance of Equity, and all that?—I remember to have seen the Speech abroad.

Will. Ay, but there is a Difference betwixt Pedantry and Madness; he'll tell you now that the Government cannot thrive, because it is not bloody enough; he's mad at Witnesses that will not damn themselves to destroy the Pannel; and, sitting gravely in his Robes, he'll tell you, (in Mockery of all Laws and Government) That a good Sword, and a stout Heart, is e'en a Lawyer's or a Pleader's best Security.

Fra. Then, methinks, *Will.* We have got our Lives and Properties as well secured as if we were in old *Thomas Malmsburie's* State of Nature.—But, hark ye! Who is it that comes there, with these greasy cut-finger'd Gloves, Staff, and Cravat-string, which before the happy Revolution has been of Scarlet.—I protest to God, my old fanatick Inquisitor!

But

But, ha! his Mouth's gone to one Side, I think, since I had the Honour to see him.

Will. A Saint, i'faith, as free of worldly Wisdom as any that ever dyed a Kalendar. Gad, he hath not so much Wit as to dissemble. Ask Justice of him, he'll tell he's sworn to the contrary. Pray God save you from his Pocket; he has as much there as wou'd keep the Hangman in Employment these twelve Months, at the Rate of three Curates and as many *Jacobites* a-day: His Mouth, you see, followed his Words in Quest of the Meaning, but is now on its Return to its proper Place, despairing to find it. That Staff is a great Pillar of the true Kirk, and his Arse is more able to support it than his Head! He has just as much Mother-wit as fits him to be a Provost of a Town of twenty Shillings of Common-good; as much Religion as is necessary for a Lay-elder; as much Courage as he may look on a Snail's Horns without fainting; as much Learning as to make Duty plain; as much Honesty as is required in a Member of our present Privy-Council; and, finally, Beloved, as much Grace as is needful in a *Scotch* Reformer, with no more Estate than can be reasonably expected in a Presbyterian Peer, and can secure him from the Hazard of Forfeiture the next Revolution.

Fra. —Hold! Hold! Too much of him, he's below the Dignity of Consideration.—Bless me! What for a shitten Monster's this comes crawling out of that Coach there? He looks as if he were in great Perplexity, like some Under-clerk's second Man bearing a Burden of Informations.

Will. That's the Spawn of a Nobleman, a true Type of the Body politick; you see how confoundedly his Head sits, and those Excrescences represent the Kirk, that deforms and burdens the State extremely: The Pillars of both, you see, are marvellously weak and crooked; that's the Covenant on his Breast, and in one of the Bunches on his

his Back there's the Confession of Faith; and in the other, *Calvin's* Book to prove *Jure gladii coërcendos esse hæreticos*. If he has little of human Shape, he has as little of human Nature, and 'tis impossible to tell whether his Body or Mind be most deformed; he breathes Stink, spits Venom, speaks Vengeance and Cruelty, and begets Monsters. In short, there is nothing like him but the rest of his own Kindred. —

Fra. ——— Rest! ——— Good God! Can there be more than one of these Creatures in one Nation at once?

Will. Faith, there's a whole Family of them, *Frank*; and I'll tell thee more, they are the Rulers and Governors of this ancient Kingdom. —

Fra. ——— Ancient! ——— Damn it for an old Monster of a Kingdom! To be ruled by Monkeys and Monsters: Gad, that's to burlesque Government, and affront human Kind to all Intents and Purposes, to make them Governors.

Will. Thou growest angry, I think, *Frank*; and therefore no more of those Caterpillars. — Come along, and take a View of this old wry-necked Fellow with the fraudulent Countenance.

Fra. Another Pillar of the Government, I'll warrant you! I shall not say if this Government be against God, but I'm sure 'tis against Nature.

Will. That's a true-blue Rogue as ever pifs'd, whose Conscience is as much awry as his Head is; he has as much Sense and Philosophy as to make himself a Fool in Print; as much Honesty as makes him a Whig and a Rebel; and as much Law and Justice, as from one Decision to give Occasion for seven new ones. He hath begot a Generation whose Legitimacy none questions, they have so many Marks of the Father, and so true a western Brood, that, if they live, they'll be Old Sir *Harries*; every one of them hath his Turn of Petship; and he's so careful to have unjust Gain carefully distributed

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among them, that, at least in some Case, he's for *sum cuique*, &c. Thou seest he's a fresh vigorous old Fellow, and perhaps may live to be hang'd yet.

Fra. These are Gentlemen of the long Robe too ; they are your new Lords of the Session, I'll warrant you.

Will. Ay, they are new Judges all over, and Novices too ; many of them neither know nor care for the old Laws and Constitutions of this Kingdom ; and for the new ones, they make any Thing of them they please. They are the strangest mix'd Multitude that ever was seen ; some of them are Presbyterians, some Episcopal, and most of them have no Religion at all.

Fra. But they must profess to be Presbyterians.—

Will. —Yes, that they do, and would profess any Thing for their Interests. Lying, Cheating, and Rebellion are hereditary to many of them, and fall as naturally to their Share, as the Name they bear, or their Father's Estate : Some of their Names make a greater Figure in the Registers of the Kirk, than in the Records of the State ; for publick Adulteries are now become the Mark of a true Reformer ; and they who invade other Mens Properties, are thought the only fit Men to secure ours : Seest thou that dark, gloomy-ey'd Fellow with the wooden Leg ? He may be called a crooked Justice, indeed, for his Mind is as deformed as his Body ; he's a true Emblem of the whole Bench. In short, Sir, that Judicature, which was so famous for Justice and Literature, when you went abroad, is now patch'd up of a Pack of Country Lairds, and old senseless, greedy, covetous Clerks, with two or three pick'd Advocates, who are purely led by their Interest and Humour : Many of them have not the Knowledge to administrate Justice, and they have all of them taken the Assurance, and sworn against it.

Fra. But yonder a serious Cabal.

Will.

Will. Yes, about their last Night's Intrigue, or procuring a Whore or so. These are zealous Reformers, i'faith! Base, Romish, Popish Jades; there's nothing for them, but a sighing Sister, a groaning, godly, Presbyterian Sweet-finger, (Whore in *English*) that's their good old Cause, i'faith. One of them is the strangest Mongrel 'twixt a Brute and a Man that can be; he neither speaks nor thinks, and, were it not for his long Wig, Hat and black Coat, he might pass for a Horse i' the *Grass-Market*. He has something of human Shape, but nothing of human Reason. They never plot above lying with their Chamberlains Wives, or picking up a Street-whore, in case of Necessity.

Fra. And who are these, *Will*? Gad, thou art mighty good at Epithets this Morning.

Will. That's a Pack of *Jacobitish Williamites*, the strangest Monsters in the Kingdom, having *Jacobites* Hearts, and *Williamites* Hands: *Jacobites* Heads and *Williamites* Tongues: They are just now rewarding the Favours done them by King *James*, on his dutiful Son and lawful Successor King *William*: They, on the other Side, are to restore King *James*; Gad, they'll drink his Health, in Contempt of the Government, if they should be hang'd for it, but never made a farther Plot to restore him, than to write a mystical Letter, drop some ambiguous Words, without either Sense or Meaning; are snap'd up, give Caution, take an Oath or two, and escape; and all this Suffering for their King: In faith they're good for nothing, but to be Noblemen, and to bear the Titles of Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Lord, &c.

Fra. Can'st thou tell me who are these with the Papers in one of their Hands?

Will. Faith, Sir, that's a Parcel of People that are neither *Williamites* nor *Jacobites*, and yet wou'd be thought mighty with both. Gad, that's the Claim of Right in one of their Hands; they love mightily to be suspected, and rather than fail of this, they plot

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plot and reveal. Tell them any Thing, and you may as well placade it upon the Cross. They are a Company of discontented Blockheads at best, with no more Models in their Heads, than some of them have thousand Merks.

Fra. Gad, I never saw such a Congregation of Knaves and Fools all my Life. I'm damnably wearied of this publick Exchange; and, besides, I mightily long for *Laura*. Prithee let's be gone, and, as we walk along this Mob of Politicians, give me a Hint of the most remarkable of them.

Will. Then, in the first Place, there's a Calf in human Shape; a long North-Quintra feel young Nobleman, who hath no more Sense than to be greedy and troublesome, and no more Courage than he hath Wit and Discretion. After he was shamefully chac'd weeping from his own Country, he went to *London*, and, since he came down, hath got a Declaration that he hath not a Pox; but 'tis thought he stood more in Need of a Testimony of his Ability to get one.—There's a Pack of disbanded Colonels, who raised new Regiments to thrust out their old Masters, and are now mocked by their new Ones: There's one of them, too, stamp'd in the Devil's Coin; and none of them ever saw, some of them wou'd never have seen, and Devil a one of them wou'd e'er have looked their Enemies i' the Face——There's a young empty fluttering Spark of two and twenty, created a Hero, and was sent to dragoon an University to Whigry and Rebellion——Here's a Colonel fights Duels in Buff; he brought the first News of *Gillicrankie*, tho' he was not near the Place, and that all his Neighbours were dead on the Spot, tho' they ran away as cowardly as himself——But, take Notice, *Frank*, here's a Brace of reverend starch'd Villains, two new Doctors of *Aberdeen* refuting the old Ones, and contriving a new Address out of *Sherlock's* Case of Allegiance.

Fra.

Fra. — Damn them and *Sherlock* too! Priests of all Religions are the same! Their Belly's their God, and they are Villains from Generation to Generation — But, faith, 'tis Dinner-time — Let us go out; gad, this Place smells of Treason and Infidelity — I shall bespeak the Curate that lives next Door to the Ladies.

Will. And I am sure the Clothes are ready.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. SCENE I.

The Cross. People walking.

Novel and Visioner meet.

Vis. **G**ood morrow, Mr. *Novel*, I'll warrant, you have not heard, or (which is all one) do not believe, about the late Battle in *Flanders*, where the *French* King is routed to all Intents and Purposes, and the Dauphin taken.

Nov. O God! Insupportable Impudence! *cujus contrarium est verum.*

Vis. It is so true, upon my Honesty, that the Dauphin is to be sent over to his godly Wisdom, Mr. *Salathiel*, to be bred Protestant; he is the fittest Master for a young Prince — It had been much for the Protestant Interest that he had bred the present Tyrant of *France*.

Nov. Methinks we should not have had such a formidable Enemy of him. The Dauphin is happy in this, that he hath learn'd his Latin ere he came, for I'm persuaded that he should have been in an ill road for it under the Tutorship of Mr. *Salathiel*, who is as profess'd an Enemy to poor *Priscian* (gad ha' Mercy on him) as he is to King *James*, and hath no true *Latin* to himself.

Vis.

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Vis. No *Latin*! Why, that's a Mistake; Did you not hear him repeat an Oration, Half an Hour long, all *Greek* and *Latin*, in troth, t'other Day?

Nov. All the *Latin* and Sense in it might have been said in a much shorter Space; there was never a Sentence of *Roman Latin* in it.

Vis. *Roman Latin*! quotha——I knew where I shou'd find you! A rare Thing! A Presbyterian Protestant Man speak filthy *Roman Popish Latin*, the Language of the Whore! I have that Charity for Mr. *Salathiel*, that you might as soon induce him to hear Mass, as to speak *Roman Popish Latin*.

Nov. I say, that's barbarous Ignorance; i'gad, thou understandest not, I mean such *Latin* as the ancient *Romans* spoke.

Vis. Still worse: That's *Pagan Latin*. That's my Position, that a Presbyterian ought to speak Presbyterian *Latin*, and there should be an Act of the Assembly against all *Roman Latin*. I hope in God to hear none of it spoke till King *James* comes home again, which God, for his own Glory, will never permit.

Nov. Who can endure this? What think you of this *Latin*? *Si aliquis virus colebit falsum Deum, seu verum Deum ut non præscriptum est, isle virus est guiltus idolatriæ.*

Vis. Well, that may be good enough Presbyterian *Latin*.

Nov. —— Demme! *Si aliquis virus* speaks such *Latin*, *isle virus* should be hang'd. But, what think you of *Biblia potest apprehendi mediis extraordinariis et supernaturalibus*?

Vis. Why, that's easily understood: *Biblia*, the Bible, *potest apprehendi*, can be apprehended, *cum mediis extraordinariis et supernaturalibus*, with supernatural and extraordinary Means. It was ay good *Latin* that runs smooth, and sounds well——I must tell you plainly, that he's a discreet, learn'd, worthy Gentleman, and has as much Wit as——

H

Nov.

Vis.

Nov. —I must tell you, he hath much original, actual, and habitual Folly; he looks as if he had not overcome the Fright of the late Persecution; or as if he had been dry'd seven Years at the Devil's Kitchen-fire; he speaks like a Nurse counterfeiting a Bogle to affright an ill-conditioned Child; he walks as a Night-ghost, or as if he was afraid, at every Step, of the Judgment of his Forefathers, *Korah, Dathan, and Abiram*; and, in fine, he thinks none at all. —

Vis. —All damn'd Lies and Calumnies. —

Nov. —All true stories, i'faith; he'll make a Speech about *media vox*, syncategorematical Arguing, and such bombast Words, that he as little understands as you do the *Confession of Faith*. This he thinks sufficient Plea for the Reputation of a learn'd Author. He not only plagues People to hear his Nonsense, but has spoil'd much good Paper in his Time, that might have been employed, in wiping you know what, to much better Purpose; and all this out of no other Design, save to write what he neither cares for nor knows, so it be against some Book of Credit, and some Author of Renown.

Vis. —These are all but false Reports and Slanders of the Malignants, for he's a grave, wise, and prudent Man; and, to justify what I say, consider but the Government of the College.

Nov. Which is no Government at all, i'gad; I shall swear 'tis no arbitrary one; there's nothing done there, i'faith, without the Consent of the People.

Vis. —People! say you — They are nothing but a Parcel of rambling, misguided Youths, misled by malignant Masters, and I fear they have got a wrong Wamp already; and, if it had not been for the Wisdom of Mr. *Salathiel*, I think most of the Scholars might have been chang'd as well as the Masters.

Nov. They are fine young Gentlemen, the Flower of the Nobility and Gentry; the Hope of the sinking State; they have more Sense and Discretion than a whole Convention. I hope in God to see them have

have as much Power in the Kirk and State, as they have now in the College——Then you Dog!——

Vis. Then I and all of my persuasion will be forced to leave the Kingdom; for I'm sure they have several Times huff'd and his'd us out of the College like so many Jesuits. I always found the old Masters could have hindred these Affronts by their Authority, but now I must confess we are in a worse Condition than ever, for I see the new Ones cannot.——

Nov. ——Neither, indeed, they can—and 'tis no Wonder. What young Man of Sense would obey Masters who want Ability to teach, Wit to govern, and Honesty to be Examples and Patterns? There are few Youths in the College who have not more *Latin* than their Primar, and more *Mathematicks* and *Philosophy* than their Regents, who know nothing but metaphysical Jargon, and little of that too.

Vis. There were truly never so many Uproars and Tumults in the College as this Year, such as Bonfires making, Windows breaking, &c.

Nov. And good Reason for that.——They scurvily thrust out the old Masters, who had Sense to overrule the Students with Prudence and Discretion: The Government might as well have sent a Mountebank to the College, as that old Fop, Mr. *Salathiel*, to play the Fool to the Boys.——But, faith, I think I have lighted on't ——Wou'd you know the Reason why the Government has made the Reverend Mr. *Salathiel* Primar?

Vis. What! I think I know it as well as any puny Tory.

Nov. ——Damn you for a rotten Whig! I shall tell you the true Reason: 'Tis to be even with *Bolds* for abusing them; they have set up an *Anti-bolds*, that's *sirennua sirennæ opposita*; and for every Boy of poor *Bolds*'s, Mr. *Salathiel* will have twenty; that's *Bolds* enervated, i'gad.

Vis. That's but the Effect of the Insolence of the Students, that must be tam'd.

Nov. Insolence 'tis not, for they use it frequently: 'Tis as familiar to them now to play the Fool with the Primar, as it was before to play with their Porters. They persecute him most unmercifully, and hunt him and his Divines from Chamber to Chamber, like the Dissolution of a fanatical Convention, or a Terrier hunting a Fox and his Puppies.

Vis. 'Tis better to go to a private Chamber, than be abus'd by a Number of extravagant, insolent, mathematical Atheists.

Nov. Just contrary; for all are Atheists except Mathematicians.

Vis. O intolerable Impudence! Shew me a Mathematician among a Hundred that cares for the Confession of Faith? I'm told that the first Proposition of *Euclid* is to prove that the World is eternal; and the second, that there is not a God: Besides, one must have a Compact with the Devil ere he can understand them. I put it to the Trial, and upon my Honesty I cou'd not learn to speak one Word of them; so I really believe 'tis true.

Nov. Gad, that's the Height of Ignorance, and deserves not an Answer. — But, as touching the worthy Primar; his Folly is like a Sore in an old Horse, cure it in one Place and 'twill break out in another. He's now upon a Project for making a *German* Randy-beggar extraordinary Professor of Theology.

Vis. I must confess I was against that, my Reason is, we must be rid of Mathematicks. Now, I would not willingly disoblige a Man that can raise the Devil; so I'm clear the present Professor of Mathematicks be made Professor of Theology. — There comes *Huffy*. —

Enter Lord Huffy.

— My Lord, this is the malignant News-monger I told your Lordship of.

[*Aside to Huffy.*

L. Huff.

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L. Huff. Mr. *Novel*, I'm inform'd you get rebellious News sent or wrote to you, which ye vent through the Town.

Nov. Your Lordship's misinform'd.

Vis. Upon my Honesty, my Lord, he told me he had it from a good Hand, that the King of *France* had 50,000 Men in Arms, (God save us!) enough to cut all our Throats.

L. Huff. Well, Mr. *Novel*, I warn you to take Notice, if ye either hear, relate, or believe any Stories contrary to the civil or ecclesiastical Government, you'll be lodged in a certain Place that shall be nameless, and your News both; let me tell you that.

Nov. I assure your Lordship I shall neither hear nor believe any Thing that may offend your Lordship. [*Exit Huff*].—Imprison me! Go and imprison your Colonel's Dogs!—Ay, *Visioner*, the Colonel you cur'd of a dangerous Clap last Year, he's advanc'd, i'faith, to be Commander in Chief, for murdering three or four of the Women and Baggage-boys. Gad, he has scarcely so much Sense as yourself.

Vis. But his Dogs, being (as you know) Dogs of the Government, ought to have given good Example.

Nov. But I'll make you an Example for a Rogue, to be an Informer against honest Men.—Take the Wages you deserve. [*Kicks him again and again*].—And so farewell for ever.

Vis. Let me be burnt for a Witch if ever I do the like again. [*Exeunt*].

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ACT V. SCENE II.

The Old Lady's Lodgings.

Frank and Will. *dress'd up like fanatick Ministers, walking in the Hall.*

Will. 'TIS a strange Metamorphosis! I'm sure 'tis next to that of *Jupiter's* turning himself into a Town-bull.——But that's all a Matter; the Ladies assure us 'tis the only Way to do Business, *Frank.*

Fra. Ay, and a successful one, too, I'll warrant; Gad 'twill be as powerful as when *Jupiter* turn'd himself into a golden Shower.——The sweet godly Ladies cannot resist the Charms of that black Velvet-neck, and that sneaking Mean, more than other Maids can the Tinkling of a Guinea.

Will. Methinks I begin to turn Fanatick all over; I could rail most devilishly at Antichrist, the Whore of *Babylon*, and the Government; curse Prelacy, solve Cases of Conscience, devour Pigeon-pyes, and gulp whole Bowls of Sack.

Fra. For my own Part, I'm much afraid we misbehave; we might have had some Time to have acted our Parts, ere we had ventured on the Theatre.

Will. Then I give thee my sincere Advice thus: *First*, Thou must forbear that sparkish Mein. *2dly*, Beloved, thou must banish far from thee all *French* Fashions and Phrases. And, *3dly*, thou must mortify all thy corrupt Inclinations to speak Sense. *4thly*, Thy Tone must be grave and affected, every Syllable produc'd to the Length of a Breve, or a Semi-breve, at least; thou must weary the Company ere they catch thee at the End of a Period, and then be sure they find no Sense at all. *5thly*, Lie in-

incessantly, but swear none. *hthly* and *hstly*, Belov-
ed, eat Capons and Chick-pyes as thou hadst come
from the Siege of Jerusalem.

Fra. I shall observe your Instructions as far as I
can, but I'm mighty distrustful of my Gifts that
Way.

[*Rachel looks in, and cries.*]

Rach. The godly Ministers, Mother, Mafs *John*
and Mr. *Samuel*, that your Niece invited to Dinner,
are come! They are the godliest, bravest Men, Mo-
ther——

Will. Grace, Mercy and Peace be multiplied on
this Famiy [Old Lady runs and hugs them.]

Old La. Welcome to me, Gentlemen, and all your
Master's Men.

Fra. We beg your Pardon, Madam; we own no
Master.

Old La. —— I know —— But the Master of Masters.
—— How could you be so long in Town and never
ask for me? Tho' I say it myself, I have fed many
of the Prophets of God in the Days of Tribulation.

—— Look ye, in this Press were three or four, in
this Closet were honest Mr. *Solomon* and Mr. *Covenant*.
[Weeps.]

Fra. But your two Nieces, Madam; How are
they?

Will. Pray, hold thy Peace, thou'lt certainly spoil
all.

[*Aside to Frank.*]

Old La. You shall see them anon. —— But look
ye here, such a rare Collection of Books I was
buying. —— There's *Dickson's* Sermons —— There's
Eleven Points to bind up a Believer's Breeches ——
—— There's *Bessie of Lanerk* —— There's *Samuel*
Rutherford's Letters —— There's good News
from Heaven —— And here's Satan's invisible
World. —— What think you, Mafs *John*, of Sa-
tan's invisible World?

Fra. Indeed I think 'tis the best Sermon I ever
heard.

Old La. Sermon, say you!

Will.

Will. Every Thing may be called a Sermon, Madam, in so far as you can get Uses of Instruction from it, and all that.

Old La. There you say right.—— Bring a Bottle of Sack.

Will. ——O but 'tis a sad World this, Mafs *John*, an abominable, curst, unjust, malicious, ill-natur'd World!

[*The Sack goes round.*]

Old La. A prying, censorious, Soul-seducing, Gospel-renouncing World! A malignant, backsliding, Covenant-breaking, Minister-mocking, a filthy, idolatrous, Sabbath-breaking, Parent-dishonouring World! A murdering, whoring, lying, coveting World; 'tis in a Word, an uncharitable, worldly World.

Maid. There's a poor Man, Madam, says he lost his Means by the West-country Rabble.

Old La. Come you to tell me that, you Baggage! —— Beat him down Stairs. —— O, Mr. *Samuel*, 'tis a troublesom, beggarly, officious World! A vain, a gaudy, a Prayer-slighting and Reformation-overturning World!

Will. Now I can say no more; she has run me out of Breath; she's a longer Practitioner at this Trade than I.

[*Aside.*]

Old La. But how comes it Mafs *John* says nothing there?

Fra. Then I'll tell you, Madam, 'tis an abominable, whoring, drinking, Reformation-overturning World, and all that.

Old La. That's said already.

Will. Nay, Madam, you must excuse my Friend here, he useth to be deep in his Meditations.

Enter the two Nieces laughing and smiling.

Old La. I was just going to call you, Nieces.

Will. to *Violetta*.] Is this the Way to use the Ambassadors of Christ, to mock us? I expected to have seen none of this within these Walls.

Old La. Settle me a serene Countenance, you impertinent Jade.—— You'll laugh in Hell yet.

Vio.

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Vio. Indeed no, Madam, we'll weep there.

Old La. I recommend you to the Care of these two reverend Gentlemen. They are to infuse into you good and wholesome Principles.

Fra. Indeed, Madam, we shall do our Endeavour to infuse the best we can.

[*Offers to lead off Laura.*]

Old La. Nay, stay Sir! Since we are here, we shall call the Servants together. ——— You must speak a Word: Our Ordinary is in the *Revelation*, about the Beast with the seven Heads and ten Horns. ——— Bring the great Bible and the Psalm Book here!

[*Maid brings them.*]

Fra. Lord, how I sweat and tremble! This is the worst of all! God damn him brought me into this Premunire! Would I were fairly loose of this new Character! I make a Vow never to try the Experiment again. [*Aside.*]—Indeed, Madam, my Brother, Mr. *Samuel*, is much better gifted that Way.

Will. Not I, Madam! Besides, he's the elder Brother, or Minister, and ought to have Place.

Old La. That's nothing; I have known frequently young Ministers better at Family-exercise than the old. Indeed, for a Case of Conscience, or so, I think the old should be consulted.

Will. But, Madam, if it be about Horns, there's this farther Reason for it; my Brother, Mafs *John*, there, understands the Business of Horns better than any Man this Day in the Church of *Scotland*—— Indeed he hath a Piece in the Press relating to Horns.

Fra. God damn thee! When?

[*The Old Lady starts.*]

Will. He's telling the Oath, Madam, we heard a Curate swear as we were coming up Stairs—— I believe he was drunk too—— But *God damn him* (blest be his holy Name) was at every Word.

Old La. Ay, indeed these Curates are a profane, godless Generation—— But I pray you go on, Sir; we shall keep back Dinner for an Hour, or so.

Fra.

Fra. O Lord! O Lord! What shall I do? I'm resolv'd I'll run for't, and leave that Rascal in the Lurch—There's the Disadvantage of the Want of Divinity, now! If I had but learn'd the *Who made Man* by Heart, it might have lent me a dead Lift at this pinching Occasion. *[Aside.]*

Old La. Perhaps you do not use to exercise standing! Sit down, Sir.

Vio. The Gentleman looks as if he were indisposed, Madam; I would have you forbear't at this Time.

Old La. Peace, you Baggage! I know you have an Aversion to every Thing that's serious——
Bring a Bottle of Sack!

[She throws up the Bible, (the Glass goes round)]

Frank looks aukwardly to it, and says,

Fra. ——Ten Horns, say you? I say that Bible's quite wrong; the old Translation hath more than twenty Heads and forty Horns, and I know not how many Crowns, and all that. *[Throws the Bible from him; shakes his Fist at Will.]* ——Well, Sir, if I be not reveng'd on you for this ——

La. How I pity him! He's engag'd too far in my Service to desert him now in his Extremity; I'll try my Invention——Pox on't! methinks it is not true, that a Woman can frame an Excuse ere she put her Hand to her Apron-strings——I'll say the Dinner will be spoil'd; but that won't do, for she'd rather fast than want a Lecture. I'll counterfeit myself sick; but then he must pray, that's worse still.

[Aside.]

Old La. I thought, Sir, this had been of the best Edition, but I'm resolv'd I'll have one of the old Version, for I always thought *Antichrist* should have more Horns than ten: But we'll take some other Place first that's right; or send for your own Bible, if you please.

La.

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Law. Stay! I have it! [*Aside.*] Madam, I think the Lecture should be about St. Peter's Keys, for this is his Day---Shew me the Bible!

Old La. Oh! Damnable and abominable! naming Saints Days here! [*She faints.*]

Vio. Would St. Peter were here to raise her from the Dead!----Till he come, Maid, bring the Bottle of Cinnamon-water in the farther End of the Press---

[*They pour something in her Mouth; she recovers.*]

Old La. Stand off! stand off! let me get a little Air! See there be no Lecture here this Day.

Fra. Indeed, Madam, I was nigh the Point of fainting too; and now, when I right remember, this is not only St. Peter's Day, but St. Matthew's, St. Andrew's, and St. John's too: I wou'd be sooner burnt at a Stake, than lecture in a private Family this Day.

Enter Mr. Solomon.

Sol. I'm e'en come to inquire if the oft talk'd-of Match betwixt your Nieces and the Lord holds?

Fra. Still worse! Then it seems we have Rivals, and a Lord, too! [*Aside to Will.*]

Old La. It will fail on their Side if it do not; for I am sure the Banns are proclaimed long since.

Sol. Indeed, Madam, I'm come to tell you, in my Master's Name, he's well pleas'd to marry them; he hath fill'd up the Blanks of the Contract with his own Hand, but he will not put on the Ring, and say *Amen*, to an Imagination.

Fra. All Mysteries! And will one Man marry them both? He'll have enough to do, i' faith.

[*Aside to Will.*]

Will. Dull and insensible! Thou dost not understand. Can'st thou never learn to distinguish 'twixt these People's Meaning and their Words? The Sense is spiritual, I assure you, tho' the Words be carnal.

[*To Frank aside.*]

Fra.

Law.

Fra. Pox take 'em! Must a Man travel as far as the third Heavens to catch their Meaning? After this I shall be so wise as to hold my Peace, at least.

Enter Mr. Covenant.

Cov. I'm e'en come to take a Part of your Dinner, Madam, and to ask if the Ship be come yet?

Fra. Who the Devil can guess that? My Life on't that's something about *Noah's Ark*, or *St. Paul's Ship*. *[Aside.*

Cov. If she be not come, ye may expect her shortly, for she set Sail from Heaven loaded with golden Comforts for yourself and Family. *[Mr. Solomon and Mr. Covenant look to Frank and Will. and pull the Old Lady into a Closet.*

Fra. to Lau.] Now, my Dear, I hope you are satisfied as to my Obedience; gad, I'd rather courted you in a civil Way these twelve Months.

Lau. Methinks that Garb becomes you well. Faith, Sir, you're an excellent Divine. Pray one Word about Horns.

Will. No Time to be lost, Madam; resolve and go with us; there's a Curate dwells next Door, and gad our Clokes will conduct you down Stairs undiscovered.

Vio. Laura, 'tis e'en best to be resolute——What think'st thou? May we trust ourselves to these reverend Sparks?

Fra. Gad, we'll deal most discreetly and reverently with you! For, first, let us go to the Curate's House, and after he has mumbled over the Matrimony, ye have no more to say, I hope.

Lau. Lead on then, Sister; you're eldest; I'll follow stoutly.

[As Will. leading Violetta, and Frank Laura, are going towards the Stair, they meet Lord Huffy, who jostles Frank.

Huff.——Zounds, Sir, no Respect to a Man of my Quality! Why, Sir, not craving Pardon either!

Fra. No great Offence, Sir; I forgive you.

Huff.

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Huff. — 'Sblood! you forgive me! I'll teach you Breeding.

[Offers to beat Frank.]

Fra. Faith you'll find me a good enough Scholar at this Trade. Fly! fly! Man! run away from this Scholar — Gad I thought he should once have run over us.

[Frank lets fall his Cloke, and kicks him over the Stair, and looks after; then takes up his Cloke, and is putting it on the wrong Side outmost, while Will. says]

Will. No body needs to fear his Wrath, save Ladies, Boatmen, Hirers and Dogs; or any Thing that can take a Beating patiently. However, he's more than a Gentleman, i'faith! (as he told a Lady when he beat her) He's a Nobleman! I'll warrant we shall have twenty Lacqueys just now about our Ears.

Fra. If they be not better Metal than their Master, 'tis no great Matter.

Vio. Gad, Sir, you're a Turncoat! the wrong Side of your Cloath is outmost.

Fra. Then, at least, I have one Quality of a Presbyterian Minister. But it matters not, we have not far to go.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Old Lady, Mr. Solomon, and Mr. Covenant.

Cov. We never knew them; yet, perhaps, they are come over to work in his Vineyard, for the Work is great, and the Labourers few.

Old La. Where are they gone? *Laura, Violetta, Mafs John, Mr. Samuel!* All gone!

Enter Maid.

Maid. Whom wou'd your Ladyship have?

Old La. My Nieces! saw you them?

Maid. They desired me to tell your Ladyship they are gone down every one of them to get a Covenant from the Minister, and they'll both be instantly back again.

Old La. Go, see where they are! I do not like this—But, Mr. *Solomon*, What was it you was to tell me about Mafs *James*?

Sol. Not much, Madam, only I think it convenient he marry your Daughter *Rachel*, for I fear there has been foul Play; but Marriage will make all Odds Evens.

Old La. What, my Daughter marry a Dominie? No, Sir; she shan't!

Sol. Then, Madam, to be plain, she's with Child to him, and it must be so.

Old La. Oh! What hear I? My Daughter debauch'd! my Family abus'd! [Weeps.

Sol. Hilt, Madam; let them be made one by Marriage, and there's no great Skaith: He's a well-gifted Man.

Old La. Oh! but the Scandal!

[Wrings her Hands.

Sol. This will evite both: I'll say I married them seven or eight Months ago, and there needs no more.

Cov. Good enough; Marriage is but a Ceremony as well as Baptism. I have known many a good Couple do Duty like Man and Wife, that were never married; and good Ministers, Preachers of God's Word, that were never baptized all their Life.

Sol. I'll call them in—Brother! Mafs *James*!

Enter Rachel and Wordie.

Rach. Mother, you forgive me, Do ye not?

Old La. Since these two godly Men wou'd have it so, I am content.

Word. Well, no more Words, Madam; I'm your Goodson; I hope your Daughter shall live as godly a Life with me as you or she could wish.

Old La. I'm sure she has been christianly educated, many a good Prayer I have caus'd her say, many a good Chapter I heard her read, many a good Sermon and Lecture has she heard in her Time. I hope they have not been lost upon her.

Word.

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Word. No indeed they.

Sol. Indeed no, Madam; I ever thought her well inclin'd; she's a constant Hearer of Sermons and Lectures; I never miss her from any.

Rach. I hope I shall find the Good of them as long as I live.

Sol. Well, I wish God's Blessing on the married Couple.

Enter Will. and Frank, leading Violetta and Laura, undisguised.

Old La. Where have you been, Nieces? And where are the Ministers?

Vio. Here they are, Madam: They have cheated us, and caused us marry them.

Old La. Are you married then without my Consent? And am I cheated under that godly Disguise? Oh horrid! [*Pointing to the Ministers, who sneak off.*]

Will. Yes, Madam; we have done them the Favour to rid them of the impertinent Trouble of these Blockheads.

Fra. The Ladies think our Family-exercise a little more pleasing than the senseless Cant they have been persecuted with at your House, Madam.

Old La. Oh! heinous! Abusing of the Ambassadors of Christ, and the Presbyterian Religion, at my House! Get ye gone, ye Jades, with these debauch'd Rascals. — Let me see you no more.

[*Exit Old Lady!*]

Lau. That's no great Matter, Aunt, considering what we've gain'd by your seeing us.—But I'm sorry poor *Rachel* shou'd languish under the unsupportable Burden of a Maidenhead, and no Body to pity her.

Rach. Spare your Sorrow, Cousin; I think I have bestowed mine as well upon my Husband here, as you are like to do yours. [*Pointing at Wordie.*]

Lau. A wordy Man, indeed! And are you married to him?

Rach. Yes, Half a Year ago.

Word. Indeed, I have betroth'd her, with her own and her Mother's Consent; and that I have.

Lau. I believe you have been in Bed together about Half a Year ago, indeed: For I was going to tell you, that I thought your Maidenhead was bulky a little, Cousin.

Will. Gad, the old Presbyterian Lady's sweet young Daughter is as sure of the Chaplain, as the waiting Woman is of the Valet. — But I wish you much Joy.

Lau. Methinks they have not wanted that, they have antedated it a little. — But, Cousin, where are your long Speeches against kissing of Men, and speaking unto them, these wicked Customs? There has been more than kissing and speaking here, i'faith.

Vio. But, come! enough of that! Let us mind the Work of the Day. —

Fra. — And the Work of the Night too.

Exit Will. leading Violetta, and Frank, Laura, one Way, and Wordy and Rachel, another Way.

ACT V. SCENE III.

A Church.

Moderator, *Mr. Salathiel, Mr. Covenant, Mr. Turbulent, Mr. Solomon, Ruling Elder, Clerk.*

Mod. **B** Rethren, we are again re-assembled about his own Work; I hope ye will not weary: 'Tis all our Interests to make a clean House of the Curates, and you will be on the Wings of the Prayers of the Flower of the Godly in Scotland. My Lord *Whigriden* has sent me his Excuse; for as he was coming, he was call'd to the Privy-Council, to consider of a Letter is sent by his Majesty in reference to our Affairs.

Turb.

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Turb. I think, Moderator, we should consider how to fill the Curates Places ere we lay so many Congregations waste, since we have not Men to fill the sixth Part of them.

Mod. Ha'd your Tongue, Sir, and let us do our Duty, and God will e'en provide.

R. Eld. A Wast-Quintra Believer, Moderator, can teach better than ony Keerate i'the North, and they'll seen learn to gi' the Comeenion, baptize and marry.

Cov. I think we should take a Word of that common Whore the Church of *England*, for we have dressed our own gayly already.

Sal. In truth, Moderator, in the Days of old, the first Thing the General Assembly did, was to purge the King's Army of Malignants; now I think we have as good Reason as ever to purge the King's Army of Prelates, Papists and Atheists, which abound in it, seeing they are fighting for a good Cause; *nam ubi finis est bonissimus, ibi media debent esse proportionabilia.*

Mod. Outs, Mr. *Salathiel*, with your *Greek*! We know you're a Primary of a College; I'll tell you, we must not put our Hand farther than our Sleeve can reach. I fancy 'tis fittest and safest meddling with them who have no Power to oppose us, I mean the Curates, who, I think, have not many to defend them.

Cov. Outward Persecution is no Token of God's forsaking, for we were persecuted twenty-eight Years ourselves.

Mod. God only chastised his own People; but he destroys the Malignants: We did thrive under our Persecution, but the Curates are starving, which evidently proves them to be the Wicked. I think we should call in Mr. *Orthodox*, that Curate who stays on the East-side of *Tay*, and pesters that Country with Errors.

Gov. They say he's a good sober Man, and good enough at his own Trade.

Mod. We have the greater Reason to be afraid of him, for he will do us the more Harm. But I assure you he's a Malignant of a deep Dye; for he teaches *Prelacy*, or *Episcopacy*, *Arminianism*, or *Arianism*, for they're all one, ye know; and, to conclude all, he's much for dry Morality.

All the Committee cry out] Monstrous, damnable Opinions! Huge Errors! Soul-killing Doctrines! Out! Away with the Curate! Cut him down! Why cumbreth he the Ground?

Mod. We'll e'en call him.—*Officer*, call him in, [*Officer calls.*] *Enter Mr. Orthodox.*

—This is a Court fenc'd in Christ's Name, for there's no Appeal to be made; we design to be moderate; we'll only take your Kirk, that's all: And mark that! you are to be accused, as well on Faults to be done, as Faults already done.

Orth. Mr. Moderator, not to meddle with the Authority of your Court, 'tis blasphemous to accuse me of Faults to be done, since God only knows them; 'tis as ridiculous to pretend to Moderation by only taking away my Living, since 'tis the only Way you can injure me.

Mod. Sir, you have learn'd much carnal Wit and Policy, but ye have not so learn'd Christ—*Clerk*, read the universal Libel.

Orth. I desire to know who are Informers, that, according to the Law of Nature and Nations, they may be punished if these Things be not made out.

Mod. They are honest Men, and so you are no farther concern'd.

Orth. I am concern'd they be not inhabile Witnesses.

Mod. We are not to answer your Questions—*Clerk*, do your Duty. [*Clerk reads.*]

Clerk. Whereas, *Imo.* that late Incumbent at was born and bred under that

that hellish Order of Episcopacy. 2do. That he received Ordination at the Hands of Prelate and Presbyter, for they're as guilty that add to the Scripture, as they that diminish therefrom. 3tio. That he concludes his stinted Prayers with the Lord's Prayer, which when our Saviour made, he was certainly drunk, if ever he was so in his Lifetime. 4to. Grace doth not accompany his Ministry. 5to. He does read and recommend erroneous Books, such as *The whole Duty of Man*. 6to. He's supinely negligent, for he spends four Days in the Week upon catechising, which should be more profitably taken up in lecturing. 7mo. He administers Baptism and the Communion privately, which is Charming and Sorcery. 8vo. Since the blessed Revolution he hath kept no Fasts on *Sundays*, ordained by us for seeking God's Concurrence to the abolishing of Prelacy and destroying the King of *France*. 9no. He would comply and swear Allegiance to that Tyrant King *James* (who is both forsaken of God and Man) if he were restored again. 10mo, and lastly. Which is worst of all, he could join cordially and heartily with that Antichristian Order of Prelacy, if it should be brought back again, which God of his Justice will prevent. Mr. being guilty of all these, proves his evident Breach of the ten Commands, for which he ought to be degraded, deprived, deposed and destroy'd.

Mod. Sir, you have heard positively what you have done, and negatively what you have not done: They are Sins of the Scarlet Dye, and are sufficiently proven by honest Men, who have the Fear of God in them.

Orth. Sir, I should have heard the Depositions of the Witnesses, for I'm sure I can prove them all infamous, or guilty of Malice against me, and this is according to the Acts of Parliament.

Mod. Mr. *Turbulent*, What say you to this?

Turb.

Turb. Sir, We are not to be guided by your Acts of Parliament, but by the Spirit of God.

The whole Committee cry out] Awa' with the Curate! He has had o'er lang a Lend of that good fat Stipend!

[*One knocks rudely at the Door.*

Mod. That looks like a malignant Rap ———
Officer, see who disturbs us!

[*Officer opens.*

Enter Captain of the Guard.

Capt. I have brought you the King's Letter, which must be instantly opened, and read, and obeyed.

Mod. We're about his own Work, Sir.

Capt. Sir, you are about your own Business, and making for your own Interest, and nothing at all concern'd with the King's Affairs.

Mod. Sir, you mistake us; I say we are about *Jesus Christ's* own Work, in purging out the Curates; and when we have done God's Work, then we shall, in the next Place, do his Majesty's Grace's Work.

All cry out.] 'Tis better to obey God than Man!

Capt. You may, and must obey us once, for we have God's Authority, since we have Power on our Side: Make haste, else ———

Mod. ——— Else we were disloyal Subjects, if we disputed the King's Commands ——— Clerk; read the King's Letter.

[*Clerk reads.*

" *Gentlemen,*

" You know what Favours I have shewed you,
" and have supported you, because I thought you
" had the People on your Side; but I am told you
" have lost them, by your driving so furiously: All
" the World represent you as a People that are Enemies
" to Monarchy, who are mad in Adversity,
" and in Prosperity insupportably insolent. I have
" often warn'd you to keep your ecclesiastick Dominions
" within Bounds, for I was not born in a
" Country of *jus divinum's*; but still you go on without
" Reins, and the Church of *England*, which hath
" a greater People on her Side, hates you; so We
" find

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“ find it for the Necessity of Our Government that
 “ ye must not exercise your Villainy any longer in
 “ Our Name; and therefore command you to dis-
 “ solve immediately on the reading of these; and
 “ We require you to do it on your Peril, for We
 “ are your Masters, and will be obeyed.”

Mod. Brethren, What do you think of this Letter?

Sal. We sit by a Commission under the broad Seal of Heaven; the King's Right is only *cumulative*, and not *objectively privative*. I think we should sit and do our Duty.

The whole Committee cry out] And not be afraid what Man can do unto us!

Capt. Do not trouble me with your ridiculous Cant and Gibberish, else I shall do my Duty; that is, to make my Soldiers drag you hence.

Mod. Sir, we will not displease you. Lord send the King good and godly Counsellors, who are for thee and thy Interest! He is but a young King, he has meikle Need of wise Men about him——But give us only Leave to speak a Word or two, and sing a double Verse to God, and so we have done.

Capt. You must not sing down a Summer's Sun, or speak a Word a Day long, else I'll interrupt you; therefore make Haste—— [Exit Captain.

Mod. Brethren, we have brought our Hogs to a fair Market; we have joined with, and supported that perfidious Usurper, who hath dispossest his old honest Father of the Crown, and his tender young Brother, and set them both a-begging for his Ambition: He promised to protect us against all deadly, but you see how we are guided; we should not do Ill that Good may come o't.

Sal. He hath a *conscientia Hollandica*, indeed, who can set up, in *Holland*, Atheism, or all Religions, in *England* Prelacy, in *Scotland* Presbytery, in *Ireland* Popery, and join in Duty with them all; *infero ergo,*
si

si aliquis virus colebit falsum Deum, seu verum Deum ut non præsriptum est, iste virus est guiltus idolatriæ.

Turb. He pretends to defend the Protestant Religion, but he joins with the Enemies of it, as the Pope, Emperor, King of Spain, and every other Enemy of it. If the House be well built, I'm sure there's mony a foul Finger about it.

Cov. That Tyrant likewise saith, he hath secured Liberty and Property. 'Tis true, they are so secured, that none can call his Head or his Fortune his own. For here's a Man that's true both to God and his King in his own Fashion, he's clapt up in Prison; there's a Man treacherous to them both, he goes up and down the Streets—That's bra' Wark indeed!

Sol. from a Corner] To be plain, King William is worse than Jeroboam and Ahab, who made Israel to commit Idolatry, and his Queen is like that painted Whore Jezebel; the Dogs shall lick both their Bloods yet, and they shall be sent, with Nebuchadnezzar, to eat Grass in the Fields with the Beasts, for they are more unnatural than any Brute.

Mod. All Kings are Tyrants, and the Church never thrives but when 'tis founded on their bloods — A hundred Pounds for one of their Heads again! O how wou'd that relish! Sweetly!

Sal. They are the Wicked of the Earth, and should be destroyed. I prov'd, three Years ago, that all the Kings of Scotland were damn'd, because they were all Papists; and now I think King William will not break off.

Turb. The Scripture saith expressly, that all the Kings of the Earth are set against Christ and his Cause. We should then observe the following Advice, Let us break their Bands, and cast their Cords asunder; that is to say, the Oaths of Allegiance and Assurance; and let us stir up our Brethren i'the West-country to shake this Tyrant's Throne.

All the Committee cry] An excellent Overture! We'll all follow your Advice!

Re-enter

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Re-enter Captain.

Capt. Pack you off, you Villains !

Mod. We've e'en been praying for the King, for
as ill's he's to us.

Capt. Get you gone, you Rebels !

Mod. Well then ! we'll e'en sing a Verse or two
out of the 109th Psalm.

[Exeunt omnes in Confusion, singing,

Set thou the Wicked over him,

and upon his right Hand,

Give thou his greatest Enemy,

e'en Satan, Leave to stand ;

And when by thee he shall be judg'd,

let him condemned be ;

And let his Pray'r be turn'd to Sin

when he shall call on thee.

Few be his Days, and in his Room

his Charge another take ;

And cause the Terrors of the Lord

his Diadem to break.

[Scene closeth,

E P I-

EPILOGUE.

OUR Play is done ; that Circumstance, the Plot,
Our Authors have of meer Design forgot :
For the Fanaticks, whom we represent,
Have no fix'd Plot, nor regular Intent.
They dash through thick and thin ; amidst the Throng,
They're jumbled right, and all their Neighbours wrong.
Their Int'rest drives 'em on most furiously,
Without the common Rules of Policy.

Perhaps our Freedom may some Anger raise :
We care not, since 'tis Truth our Author says.
We do, for Truth, with that same Courage write,
That honest Torries for their Kings do fight.
We fear not then a private Shot or Stab,
Nor yet the Fury of the Western Mob ;
Neither the greater Rabble of the State,
Which did our own King JAMIE abdicate.

Some also, who have much more Zeal than Wit,
May think we do burlesque the holy Writ,
Because our Heroes some times make Address
In sacred Phrase unto their Mistresses ;
But the Intelligent will only say,
We but observ'd Decorum in our Play.
For Jack, without a Scripture-phrase, could ne'er
His Mist'is court, nor cheat without a Pray'r ;
And now, since Prayers are so much in Vogue,
We will with one conclude this Epilogue.
Let the just Heav'ns our King and Peace restore,
And Villains never vex us any more.

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